

# THE RADICAL.

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APRIL, 1868.

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## THE DOCTRINE OF PRE-EXISTENCE AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

I HAVE long desired that some author, competent to the task, would give us a book on the Fourth Gospel as a work of art: not, perhaps, that it can be maintained that this remarkable production was written with a completely conscious artistic purpose, — that the writer was fully aware of a dramatic intent, and always perfectly understood the line which separated the real from the imaginary in his work. Rather is it to be said that the spirit of the Christian age which dictated the work, and of which it may be pronounced the highest and purest literary expression, was itself essentially dramatic; that it was striving to put into tangible and living form some great truth of which it had caught an entrancing glimpse, but which yet was too large for its intellectual and spiritual comprehension. The career and character of Jesus had dimly suggested the spiritual relations and destiny of humanity. Thoughts which the human soul in Judea, in Greece, in Egypt, in Persia, had been struggling to utter concerning itself out of its own consciousness, found themselves somehow embodied in his character and tangibly represented in his career. And from these thoughts — thoughts of the human soul concerning its own spiritual relations and destiny — working upon the fragmentary biographical chronicles, traditions, and beliefs which two or three generations had gathered around the life of Jesus, came the Fourth Gospel.

We shall not find, therefore, the full spiritual significance of this wonderful, mystical book, which combines with such perfect art the real and the transcendental, fact and philosophy, until we come to read it not as the biography of Jesus, but as the biography of human-

ity. As an historical narrative of what Jesus said and did, it is (I for one have no longer a question), unreliable, untrue. But as a drama of the human soul, of which Jesus is made the representative and hero,—of the human soul born out of eternity into time, born of the Infinite Spirit in finite flesh, descending to earth to bring celestial light in the place of darkness, to contend with evil, to organize good, to bring comfort to misery and sorrow, and to lift the world through infinite toil and sacrifice into a province of the kingdom of heaven,—conceived thus, the book is a master-piece of religious literature, and filled with the finest spiritual truth. True, its author, writing out of the Messianic Christian consciousness of his time, naturally concentrated in the personality of Jesus, the accepted Messiah, the absolute spiritual truths which he perceived; yet taking as he did the spiritual side of the Messianic consciousness, of which tendency he was in fact the culmination, his work is so far removed from the necessities of literal history as to be quite lifted off of the solid ground of actual events into the region of spiritual imagination; and facts and traditions, instead of being used to portray a real character, are shaped to express the author's idea: and so he wrote wiser than he knew,—wrote the biography of the Messianic human soul rather than that of the Nazarene Messiah.

Interpreting the Fourth Gospel with this large meaning, its contents become exceedingly rich in spiritual suggestiveness, and its theory of spiritual genesis and authority, which it limits to one person, may be extended to cover the human race. Not one man alone, but humanity is born of God. What was actual of Jesus is possible for all. Nay, things which seem to us incredible, impossible, when related of one man, become possible and not difficult to comprehend, when extended to all men. It is hard to believe that the Holy Ghost should generate and inspire only one being; it is not hard to believe that it should generate and inspire a race. Hard to believe that the Divine Word should once be made flesh; not hard to believe that it is constantly being made flesh, and dwelling among us even now, so that we behold its glory, full of grace and truth. Hard to believe that God visited once, for a few years in person, one small spot on this globe; not hard to believe, nay, impossible not to believe, that He is always present over the whole globe, with the whole race of mankind. Hard to believe that one person has been singled out as a favored child, for special and exceptional intercourse with Deity, and for receiving from Him miraculous communications authoritative for the race; not hard to believe that humanity is ever in direct communion with the Supreme Being, drawing from Him through its natural

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faculties daily inspiration and sustenance, and finding in Him its constant law and oracle of life.

But I wish in this essay to select one point from the spiritual philosophy of the Fourth Gospel, which presents the key of the whole, and show how this is applicable not only to Jesus, but to mankind. This key-thought is the doctrine of *Pre-existence, or the soul's eternity*,—which is stated so clearly in the Proem of the Gospel, and which appears constantly, either expressly or by implication, throughout the work. The doctrine is often attributed to Jesus himself; as in the words, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven;" or in the prayer, "Glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was;" or, more clearly still, in that terse, weighty sentence, "Before Abraham was, I am." It may be a question, I am aware, whether these are the real utterances of Jesus. But I see not why he may not have so spoken, and that, too, without claiming any exceptional and supernatural position for himself. Whether, however, he actually uttered these sayings or not is a matter of little present moment. The important thing to consider is that there was that in his life which suggested the possibility of such words from human lips, and which impelled his dramatic biographer to describe his career from such a stand-point as to make words like these the natural expression of the character he was portraying. I have no difficulty in supposing Jesus to have uttered these and similar sayings that seem to claim a pre-existent state: for I do not find that he thereby claimed anything, whatever the opinion of his biographer may have been, which is not to be accorded to the human race.

Jesus stands not alone as witness to this doctrine; though perhaps he is represented as appropriating it personally with a stricter fidelity to the spiritual philosophy included in it than any other human being. But genius is ever of one kindred. Poet and prophet interpret each other. And we may find, perhaps, the best commentary on those mystical sayings of Jesus that imply an anterior state of existence, in the familiar verses of Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality;—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar :  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home."

Jesus, I believe, asserted this doctrine of the human soul; asserted

it in some way of himself. But no truth, seen intuitively by the soul, can be explained without loss to one who does not so see it, but must have it proved by the understanding. And so it is that many of the great thoughts of Jesus, which in his consciousness opened out of eternal springs and were as broad as the universe, shrivel in the dry hands of critics and commentators into the narrow and offensive dogmas we find in the creeds. Sometimes the very words he used to condemn an error in his own age, have been made authority for perpetuating the same error as an established doctrine of Christendom in all ages since. And of this practice there is no more striking illustration than the theological use which has been made of such sentences as those already quoted; sentences which, it is claimed, prove the supernatural character of Jesus, the Trinity, and I know not what else. Yet how simple and natural the explanation, if we bear in mind Jesus' belief in the eternity of the soul.

Take, for instance, the most remarkable of these sayings which imply an existence before the birth of the body,—“Before Abraham was, I am.” Could not a natural human being have said that? The Jews were continually bringing up the laws of Moses, the authority of Abraham, the traditions of the elders, as arguments against the freedom with which Jesus thought and acted. But conscious of carrying within himself an older authority than all these, the eternal law of God, he brushed these all away, and boldly asserted the majesty of his own soul, the inherent dignity of man, as above all outward laws, institutions, traditions, all external authority whatsoever. Did they accuse him of violating the Sabbath? The Sabbath, he replied, was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Did they complain that his disciples transgressed the tradition of the elders by eating with unwashed hands? Why do ye, he asks in response, transgress the commandment of God by your tradition? Did they appeal to him to act as arbiter in questions of dispute? Who, he says, made me a judge over you? Why judge ye not of yourselves what is right? In like manner, when the jealous Jews imagined that Abraham was degraded by the boldness with which Jesus asserted his own authority, filled with this same thought of the birth-right majesty and independence of the soul, he replied to their taunting question, “Hast thou, not yet fifty years old, seen Abraham?” “Speak not to me of the authority of Abraham; what Abraham thought or did is no law for my thought and act to-day; I am before all laws, covenants, traditions, religious institutions and creeds, before all authority and antiquity of great names,—nay, before Abraham was, I am:” which, noting the subtle difference in the verbs of the original [*γενέσθαι*—to become;

*lōuá*—to be] not shown in the common translation, we may paraphrase thus : “ Before Abraham was born in time existed those eternal principles of life from which I draw and in which I have my present being.”

Such, I believe, is the true interpretation of these and all kindred words of Jesus. He spoke them not of himself alone, and claimed not thereby, as the critics say, an exceptional *personal* existence before his appearance on earth ; much less did he refer to the plan of God, so-called in our impotent theologies, by which he was predestined from all eternity to be the Messiah,— nothing so narrow and dogmatic as this did he mean by such words : but he uttered them of the common human soul, and they are as broad and universal in their inclusiveness as humanity. They came not from any consciousness of an individual pre-existence, nor of a personal origin and authority different from that of all other human beings, but out of the vast depths of his own natural manhood, reaching down to, and rooted as it was, in the eternal being of God. So deeply conscious was he of the real source of the truth and power that were in him, and of his vital connection thereby with the Infinite Life, that he felt his own nature to be but a growth and flowering out, like a summer’s plant, from the perennial root of God’s eternal substance. And if his experience in this regard seem to us supernatural, is it not because ours is unnatural, abnormal, falling short of the rich capacities and promise of our natures ? If his life be exceptional, it is only because the majority of mankind lead such surface-lives that they seldom sound the mysterious depths where the springs of their being first gush up, and so drink but rarely of the divine fountain of life at first hand. When we do not feel the truth welling up in our own souls, we weakly depend on external help, dipping our shallow cups into the cisterns filled by the great prophets of the past, and, in the drought of our own spiritual natures, trying to keep our religion alive by artificial watering. Ordinarily our devotion runs so low that we can only repeat in our worship the Scriptures of a past religious age instead of making Bibles of our own. Thus those sublime thoughts of Jesus concerning his union with God and the eternal precedence of the inward law of truth to all external and temporal authority, and the majestic dignity and faith with which he uttered the truth and relied upon it above all things else, have seemed to the world superhuman ; but only because they were more thoroughly and deeply human than any continuous experience which the majority of mankind have yet reached. And hence when he proclaimed the eternal sovereignty of the soul, its independence of time and space and persons, speaking emphatically out of the riches of his

own experience, his words have been read as a claim to an exceptional and supernatural mode of existence; and upon the brave sentence which he uttered for the full enfranchisement of the human soul and its entire emancipation from all personal authority save that of God within, has been framed the scheme of theology which makes his own person the central figure of religion, and enslaves all souls to his personal dominion. But through all the confused babbling of the creeds, through the conflicting cries of the sects, one saying, I am of Paul, another, I am of Apollos; or, I am of Calvin, or Wesley, or Fox, or Swedenborg, or Channing,—through all the varieties of attempts for eighteen hundred years to fix the person of Jesus in the world's plan, we may hear his clear voice to-day sounding across the centuries to every soul of man,—“Before Channing, or Swedenborg, or Fox, or Wesley, or Calvin, or Paul, or Abraham—nay, *before I was, thou art.*”

The authority, then, upon which Jesus relied, and upon which every true prophet before and since has relied, is an authority residing in the human soul itself. They have pointed for their commission to something there, independent of any external event or power, independent of birth, independent of the ages,—something before time and commensurate with eternity. What is the source and nature of this authority? This is the question which the science of religion is to-day everywhere solicited to answer.

It is plain that there are two factors which enter into the composition of human nature; an infinite and a finite, a spiritual and a material, an eternal and a temporal. The finite and temporal factor is manifest in those limitations and necessities which are imposed upon us by our earthly and material existence. It appears in our physical natures, in our bodily affections and appetites, in all the economic details of daily life, in mere offices of prudence and conventionality, and the common routine of the lower understanding's work. All these things seem to grow out of our present mode of being, and may be escaped from, perhaps, when we have done with life on earth. It is possible, perhaps probable, that the soul will always have some form of body and some material limitation and affections. It is, at least, certain that this finite factor, and consequently limitations and necessities of some kind, must enter here and always into the life of every being that is less than the Infinite. But these have relation to time, and are subject to change,—now taking this form, now that,—yet always ascending in form and giving larger freedom of nature (as we may see in the types of existence below man) as the scale of being ascends.

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time and matter, beyond the reach of the accidental and fluctuating relations of individual existence, there enters into human nature another factor by which it lays hold of a substance that is Infinite and Everlasting, and draws its being therefrom. There is somewhat of the absolute and eternal in every human soul,—something which, if naturally and freely developed, will not be commanded by men or human laws or the authority of great names,—something that transcends time and space and organic form, and makes eternity for the soul to be the continuous unfolding of a perpetual and indestructible principle of life rather than the infinite multiplication of days and years. This factor we find not in the region of experience, not in the prudential wisdom of the understanding, not in the knowledge and delights of the senses, but in the higher region of ideas,—in the intellectual and moral truths which the pure Reason brings to light, in the life of the Soul. There is a knowledge which we learn through study and experience, a provisional wisdom, which foresees and plans, adapts measures to circumstances, changes its base to meet the changing conditions of the problems it has to solve. But there is a higher knowledge which belongs to the soul itself—to its own intellectual and moral consciousness—which no experience or induction could teach; there is a knowledge of things independent of time and all finite forms of existence. To this kind of knowledge belong the ideas of goodness, of right, of beauty, of truth,—all the primary ideas of intellectual and spiritual apprehension. These ideas, in their elemental form, no experience ever taught or can teach. Experience develops and brings them to manifestation in character and life, but we should never have any *recognition* of the things in experience, did we not first have the ideas in spiritual *cognition*. We could never say of a particular act whether it were just or unjust, unless we first knew what justice is. And no experience could ever tell us what justice is, though experience may variously modify the application of the idea, unless there were something within as approving—that is, *recognizing*—the just act, and condemning the unjust. There is something within us, also, which involuntarily approves truth when we see it, and puts our whole natures under obligation thereto. And however low a human being may sink in vice, his soul must still bow in homage before a genuine act of goodness, where his selfish interests do not blind his vision to prevent his seeing it, though he cannot imitate it in his life.

In like manner, all the primary moral and spiritual ideas proclaim their own authority, and at the same time the eternal and absolute nature of the obligations they impose. They are the constant quantity amidst all the fluctuations of our being; the guide through every

shifting scene ; the light shining from the beginning to the end of our pathway, by which we read in penitence our past experience, and press on after fresher and better. These ideas transcend time and space. You know that Truth must be true, and Goodness good, though found at the other side of the globe or on the farthest star ; and that Right will remain right, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, though the heavens be gathered together like a scroll and vanish away. Nay more ; these ideas transcend all personal limitations, all personal authority. They are true of all men, of all rational beings. Human laws, covenants old or new, Jewish or Christian, do not create the obligations these ideas bring, nor can they absolve us from them. They did not come with Abraham, Moses, or Jesus, and are not binding because commanded by them, but, older than they, were binding upon them also. They are binding upon all men, upon all intelligent beings,—upon the angels in heaven, upon God on his throne ! No, not even do these ideas stand upon the personal authority of the will of God ; not even Almighty power can make right to be wrong, or truth to be falsehood ; but they are obligatory upon us because obligatory upon Him, being part and parcel of His own eternal nature. And here we reach the real and ultimate ground of the authority of these ideas : they are of the Infinite and Eternal ; they are attributes of unchangeable and absolute Being.

Whence come, then, these ideas, these intellectual and moral instincts,—

“ Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing :  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal Silence ; ” —

whence and how come these ideas in human nature ? The answer has been partially anticipated in the passing remark that they belong to the soul itself : *the soul brings them with it*. It has been seen already that these ideas are independent of time and matter, and therefore they cannot first come into existence with the body. They are attributes of eternal Being. And if we could fathom such mysterious depths of existence, we should find, I think, that the soul is not created with any arbitrary and conventional adaptation to these ideas, furnished, as it were, with organs specially designed for apprehending them, like the body with its senses adapted to the external world ; but that between these ideas and the soul there is an organic, vital connection. The soul must apprehend them from the very fact that it is

soul. These perceptions of truth, right, beauty, must become conscious in the life of the soul, because they are its own essential properties and attributes. And therefore the remark that the soul brings these ideas with it, expresses the literal and metaphysical truth. And this implies that the soul, too, is not absolutely created with the body, does not then first begin to be, but that it comes from a pre-existent state: not necessarily that the individual soul has existed in some other form of finite consciousness before its connection with our present bodies; that I do not say. But just as matter must exist simply as potential material essence before it takes organic form or shape, as in a plant or in the human body; or, better, just as matter must have existed and had all the properties of matter, though latent, before there was any organic material form or life, so I conceive must soul exist, and have all the properties of soul, though in a state of latency, before it becomes organized into conscious, personal intelligence under the form of man.

Nor is it easy to see how with any other view we can maintain the doctrine of immortality. If the soul absolutely begins to exist with the body, and its existence, as it seems to be, is thus made dependent on certain conditions of organized matter, then how shall we escape the conclusion, that, when this physical organism is dissolved and these conditions cease to be, the soul also must come to cessation with them, just as the flower, even though it be but half blown, must die with the plant that has produced it? And this question is being put by thinking persons more generally and more effectively than theologians of the old sects and creeds seem to be aware of. I see no way to meet it than by asserting the eternal nature of the soul itself. This is the final argument for immortality that cannot be answered. As we cannot conceive how matter, though it be constantly changing its form, can yet ever absolutely begin to exist or go out of existence, so it is equally impossible to conceive that soul, though now organized in this form of life, now that, can in itself ever begin or cease to be.

And the only argument for *personal* immortality that seems to resist all counter arguments, is a corollary from this postulate of the eternal nature of the soul. It lies in the fact that the eternal spirit which has come to consciousness in man, possesses the principle of life in itself: that is, it has the capacity of growth and development from within. In man, a being comes upon the stage of existence, who not only sums up in himself all previous types of being, which have been ascending by successive gradations towards him, but possesses, moreover, through the capacity of progress, the power of developing the

future and higher types of being from his own nature, without losing his personal identity in the general life. We cannot say with logical accuracy that man is conscious of immortality, — that *immortality* is one of the intuitive ideas. We can only say that man is conscious of a quality of life which asserts independence of any relations of time, and which, therefore, he logically infers to be eternal. The step from the postulate which consciousness offers, to the conclusion which reason declares, may be a short one; but it is nevertheless a step of the logical faculty. Neither can we say that man is conscious of God as an *external* sovereignty and being. It is in no such sense, nor, strictly speaking, in any sense, that the idea of *God* is intuitive. Man is only conscious of God in that he is conscious of himself; that is, he is conscious of attributes in his own spiritual being which are eternal in their nature and in the obligations they impose, — which he refers, therefore, to some absolute source of existence, and for which his logical faculty accounts, by declaring that they are the very manifestation and life of eternal and infinite Being within him.

Religion and reason, then, join hands in claiming for the soul a state of existence before its connection with the body, — a state, however, not of personal consciousness, but of inorganic, unindividualized spirit, — soul "without form," and "void" of manifestation; yet having in latency all the properties of soul as germs to be developed when it shall come to individual consciousness. And among these latent properties are those intellectual and moral ideas (or *germs* of ideas, rather) which we call intuitive, and which the soul brings with it when it enters on the earthly stage of existence. It now becomes clear, therefore, whence these ideas derive their supreme authority. They are attributes of soul itself; inherent properties of this eternal spiritual substance; and can no more be separated from it than light from the sun, or form and dimensions from any physical body: attributes once latent it may be, but which of necessity became manifest as soon as soul was organized into individual consciousness.

And what is this soul? this inorganic, formless, waiting spirit? What is it but the ultimate and innermost essence of God; the silent and unutterable *Brahm*; God in his most central, unresolvable selfhood; God, the Father, before the Word of Incarnation has gone forth into man, the Son? Here, in this inorganic, uncreated, elemental spirit, in this very substance of eternal and necessary being, we reach the essence of the infinite factor which enters into human nature. In this formless, unindividualized soul with its inherent and inseparable attributes — these divine ideas, or qualities, of Truth,

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Goodness, Beauty — is the source and essence of the Spiritual Force which is ever striving to organize itself into conscious personal intelligence in the form of man. And just in proportion as it becomes organized therein, do these inherent attributes, these divine spiritual qualities, become manifest, and appear in their native brightness and power. To just the extent that this spiritual essence assumes individual personal existence, and these divine ideas become apparent in character and life, do they impart of their own eternal spiritual nature, triumphing over temporal and material limitations, and asserting their supremacy over all finite and external authority.

And man has always felt, under all conditions and circumstances of existence, some sense of this ultimate ancestral relationship to Deity. He has always been conscious to some extent of his divine origin, and of having divine elements in his nature. The Hebrews expressed their sense of this fact in the belief that man was made in the image of God,—the Almighty breathing into him at creation His own breath of life, and making him, unlike the creatures below him, a living soul. Hinduism held essentially the same thought in its doctrine of the emanation of the human soul from the Divine. The cultivated religious Greeks traced the divine lineage of man in the doctrine of "intuitive ideas," these being the types of thoughts in the Divine mind, and reminiscences, in fact, of a pre-existent state. While the uncultivated mass of the people expressed in ruder shape the same consciousness of divine kinship in the popular way, common to all religions in a primitive stage of development, of conceiving of their gods in the likeness of men.

This sense, indeed, of divine relationship and origin is one of the most distinguishing prerogatives of man. We may say that man begins in the line of the animal kingdom, just where the consciousness of Divinity enters. When the Divine Spirit — or, as the Fourth Gospel says, "the Word" — going forth, as it were, to incarnate and express itself in material forms, arrives at a form in which it becomes self-conscious, then man enters the universe. Literally man originates in, is generated by, the Holy Ghost. He is conscious of spiritual truths, of divine and absolute relations, because that eternal spirit within him which alone makes him man, cannot forget its source. He worships, he prays, he aspires, because of the inherent attraction by which like is drawn to like. He struggles against evil, strives after good, presses toward moral and spiritual wholeness, because of something within him which tends by natural affinity to the Absolute Goodness and the Infinite Wholeness. In the lower forms of nature and of animal life, the divine force resides as law and instinct; in both

cases as blind necessity. But in man the divine force resides as *spirit*, as personality, as intelligent, vital power, subject indeed to finite conditions of manifestation and development, yet preserving its own essential attributes, conscious of them, and within a certain range and from a subordinate centre of volition and power, controlling finite forms and conditions of being, in the same way that the Infinite Spirit dwells in, and controls from the supreme centre of volition and power the whole universe.

It is as if God shared His nature, and to some extent His will and power, with His children. Nay, let us not say, "it is as if," but with nearer accuracy state the simple fact, — God *shares* His nature with His children. Man is a Prince by birth; born of royalty, born to reign. By legitimate inheritance he possesses the gifts and graces of a divine parentage, and carries the commission of a divine sovereignty. What things he seeth the Father do, these also doeth man, the son, likewise. As the Father worketh, so the son works. As the Father judges, so has He committed judgment to the son, and authority also to execute judgment. As the Father imparts His quickening spirit and sends life and activity throbbing through the universe, even so the son within the range of his capacities quickeneth whom and what he will. In short, and the sum of the whole, to use another remarkable sentence of the Fourth Gospel with the broad interpretation adopted in this essay, "as the Father hath life in Himself, so hath he given to man, the son, to have life in himself." Man is endowed — necessarily since he inherits the divine nature — with something of the divine originality and independence of being; with something of the divine self-reliance and self-existence even. He has a measure of that self-poised and self-determining power which is an attribute of Omnipotence. He is made a secondary source of creative energy; is placed, so far as regards this world, upon the throne beside the Almighty Sovereignty, deputed to be a viceroy of divine plans, and admitted as a co-laborer with the divine will in developing the purpose and destiny of the universe. And the primary qualification which carries with it all these offices and responsibilities that are devolved upon man, is that through inheritance of the divine nature man has an eternal principle of life in himself, even as God has life in Himself.

"Life in himself." Do we comprehend the full meaning of that phrase? Do we see it really means that man has in himself a life that is underived: that has no anterior source; that is itself a part, or manifestation rather, of absolute life? Do we see it means that man has in himself a life which is not of time nor of this world, but before both, — "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor

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of the will of man, but of God, — nay, which is not even *born of* God, because it is underived, as self-existent, as eternal as God himself, but which rather *is God, manifest in the flesh?* When we say that man has “life in himself,” we say in truth that he has in himself Divinity, — a germ of original and absolute Being, — qualities and resources of life that are as inexhaustible as Infinity, as indestructible as Immortality.

Our being, then, descends into us from this past eternity, and from the very essence and substance of God. Would that we could know and feel this as Jesus and a few other sages and prophets have done, and like them boldly assert that this power, this spirit, within us is divine; that it is God, — God, the Father, ever going forth in creative energy and seeking to incarnate himself in finite person, character, and life. Thus opening ourselves freely to this inflowing Soul, with its precious freight of divine ideas, its Infinite Love, and Truth, and Rectitude, and clothing ourselves therewith, we might hope to be forever emancipated from all bondage to creeds and covenants, external law and ritual, from the tyranny of fashion and the conventional authority of great names, into the freedom of the spirit; and standing up in our own divine humanity, proclaim the law of God, uttered in our own natures, as before all the laws and institutions and devices of men. Conscious of the divine fountains of life opening into our own being, and drinking immediately therefrom, we might then take our places beside the great prophets of the past, our elder brothers in time, but equal sharers with us of the paternal inspiration and power, — all children of God: and if children, then heirs, — heirs of God, inheriting His immortal nature, and wearing the Eternal Name, I AM.

W. J. P.

## CHARACTER.

WHO knoweth certainly what waits beyond?  
Hath any by the way he went returned,  
To solve the doubt, for whose unravelment  
The hungry race hath yearned?

Poor coward, tortured with forebodings vague,  
Leave fretting o'er the secrets of the dead:  
Regard thy grave with no less unconcern  
Than if it were thy bed.

Know, whoso links his destiny with law,  
And leagues his life with the eternal years,  
The gracious Universe becomes his home,  
Having no room for fears.

The Power that moulds the atom and the sphere  
Is pledged to work him good, and cannot lie;  
Yea, e'en the sullen fiat of the Fates  
Shall lightly pass him by.

For him the teasing problems of his life  
From all their tangle still resolve to this, —  
That one enfolding purpose binds the globe,  
And that high will is his.

Does any dread the curse of nether night?  
Lo! his own bosom hides the seeds of doom,  
And hopeless æons could not prison him  
In more abysmal gloom.

Let such a one go face his other self,  
The upbraiding past whose trust he did betray,  
Call back the dead Ideal of his youth,  
And taste his hell to-day.

For after ages could not keep in store  
Eumenides more terrible than they;  
Himself adjudging still his own desert,  
That judgment must obey.

Ah! Justice broods with half-averted eye  
In no dim corner of the peopled spheres;  
In you and me her stately court she holds,  
Her righteous scales uprears.

Can the Eternities have any claim  
To answer clear our puzzled why? and how? —

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That does not speak with sterner emphasis  
From homely Here and Now?

We need to trace the subtle thread of law  
That, flawless, interlaces course and fine;  
Mark how effect and cause forever blend,  
How This and That combine;—

How evil still holds hidden at its core  
The fatal forfeit whoso plucks must pay,  
And certain guests, to tarry once allowed,  
Refuse to go away;—

How Guilt and Penalty move hand in hand,  
Dumb Retribution dogs the steps of Sin,  
While evermore the Parcae weave their web  
Not over, but within.

So Destiny shall greaten to our ken,  
No film of clay, no accident of breath,  
But one far-reaching, fathomless Decree  
Outfacing Time and Death.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

RACHEL POMEROY.

### SCIENCE AND WORSHIP.

A FAMILIAR simile, much used in theological discussions, is the simile of the watch. A man is supposed to find a watch; and being at first entirely ignorant of its structure and use, he studies its mechanism and discovers the purpose of its existence. Plan, intention, and design are clearly indicated in the construction and employment of the watch; and the inference is inevitable, that it was planned and made by some intelligent being. In brief, the watch proclaims the watch-maker.

The theological demonstrator now takes up Nature, which is a time-piece of a more complicated sort, but evincing the like evidences of design and leading to the same necessary inference of a designer and maker.

It properly happens in this simile that the man finds the watch: it is no longer in the possession and control of the one who made it: and there is nothing in the design or construction to indicate whether the designer and maker is now living or dead, on this, or on some other planet. And it cannot be shown by this sort of reasoning that the Designer and Maker of the world is now present and interested in his work. If at the start he was able to set it up as a piece of perpetual motion, what need is there now of his presence and care? It

is enough if he comes at long intervals to repair the defects of the machine and add the modern improvements patented and made specific under the title of new dispensations. This is in all respects an outside view of nature ; and it may well leave one in doubt if nature is not all outside. In this view there is no implied need of an informing Life and Soul of the world to supply its functions. From this point of observation one could suppose the Maker of this planet forming it all from without and as uncertain as the geologists whether within it is all molten with a white heat.

Doubtless the argument from design has its appropriate uses ; but it has been pursued mainly by minds that have shown a boundless presumption in announcing the purposes and intentions of the Infinite ; and it has developed an order of thought which would reduce the whole plan and operation of the Universe to a base system of kitchen economy.

There is a work by a renowned scientific author, if it be proper to call one scientific who would employ all the resources of science to convert God to Scotch Calvinism, a work with the title, "Footprints of the Creator." This title is worth mentioning, because it indicates the prevalent order of science to which it belongs. It is only another form of the watch simile. From tracing and measuring the forms and dimensions of the fossil footprints, it arrives by regular conveyance of logic at the place where God *has been*. And with an elastic measuring line, very skilfully contrived, it proves by measurement and comparison that the footprints in the rocks correspond with those found in Genesis. The natural inference from this sort of science is that God *has been* : and the more advanced physical science only points the hope and expectation that God *will be*. Science is to a large extent a bundle of dead facts, else a service of low uses. It grubbs among the roots of the universal Life-tree, but has hardly yet begun to look up so as to behold the evergreen foliage, perennial blossoms, and various ideal fruits. It were well to realize that science is only digging for the foundations, that the proclamations of the builders may be taken with somewhat of allowance, and not as if they were standing upon the highest pinnacle of the completed temple.

It is clear that the order of science whose appropriate symbols are the watch and footprints, is incapable of serving as a sound and permanent basis of worship. This watch is some ages behind the true time, and the footprints are all inclined towards the past to effect a reconciliation with Moses. The attempts of such science to write the genesis and law of worship, can only result in the production of epitaphs and posthumous biographies. And though the simple narra-

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tions of some of the discoveries and generalizations of the most advanced physical science are epic and sublime from the mere grandeur of the subjects, yet there is not even here sufficient advancement to produce such a spiritual and ideal transcript of the universe as the nature of man requires and is capable of producing.

It is the custom to speak and write concerning the spirit of the age, and the tendency of the times just as if this spirit and tendency had secured the lease of immortality. But every age of civilization has believed in its own perpetuity. The builders of the pyramids must have had a vast deal to say about the spirit of the times: and all the past civilizations now dead and vanished, felt no doubt, a comforting assurance of their right and title to the future. But each age is but the time wave that then was, or now is, uppermost, and all the tendencies shall vanish excepting those that are a part of the eternal tendencies of the world. The spirit of the present age is a progressive spirit; but perhaps most people are mistaken as to the permanent direction of the world's progress.

"Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind."

And only those who have got the breath of inspiration ridden out of them will believe in the perpetuity of the prevailing tendency of the times. No age has represented in its spirit and tendency the full nature and capacity of humanity. In the prevailing thought and habit of every age some of the permanent tendencies of the soul are left unrepresented. This age is a rich and flourishing Dives, with starving Lazarus at his feet, and the almost unrecognized gods above: but there are some reliable indications of a future when Lazarus, Dives, and the gods shall be joined in a harmonious society to co-operate in pure service and beneficence. The Spirit of the Age! I am tempted to say that this is but the body of a better age, the new Adam formed from the dust of the earth, but not yet become a living soul, and that the Divinity is only now preparing to breath into it the breath of the higher life.

Worship with its ancient devoutness and wonder has almost disappeared from the experience and consciousness of the people. Is this a permanent abdication of the religious sentiment, or is it an interregnum which is to be succeeded by a triumphant supremacy of man's spiritual and ideal nature? The forms and phrases that were once natural channels of devotion, filled with the spontaneous overflowing of the religious sentiment, are now kept feebly active only by a system of mechanical pumping. This is one of the many follies of the religious institutions. They retain the ancient forms and expressions long after the meaning has ceased to circulate spontaneously through them. And so much of the devotional performance has become vapid

and insincere, because the performers try to express vastly more than they can distinctly feel. It is a failing of the times, that in all directions, there is too much straining after mere expression. It were better if the people were more inclined to cherish their own thought and await the coming of the hour that shall furnish fullness and freedom of utterance. And herein is a chief cause of the failure of metaphysics and theology; they presume to define the indefinable and to utter the unutterable.

In discovering the emptiness of many of the metaphysical and theological definitions, vast numbers of the people have come to suspect that the definitions have failed because there was nothing but vanishing shadows to be defined. After so much absurd writing and preaching about God and the Soul, religion and immortality, there has grown up a very extensive suspicion that these are terms and ideas which should be remanded to the general batch of ancient superstitions and nonsense. Mankind have been treated to so prolonged an exhibition of mock-heavens in the Mammoth Cave of superstition, that now in escaping from that illusion, they fly to the other illusion of supposing that the real heavens are only the production of another Mammoth Cave, the reflection of somebody's candle from the crystal points in the opaque ceiling: and if the reckoning were fairly made from the present state of things, it must appear that there has been loss as well as gain through the supplanting of ancient superstitions. It might be better to retain any tolerable amount of superstition than to part forever from religious reverence and wonder. If from a strained and partial reverence, man is led through scepticism and indifference, to an impartial reverence for all being, but especially for his own nature, which is the centre of the universe as he must behold it, then, the gain will infinitely outweigh the cost. But for a permanent decay of worship and retirement of the religious sentiment, where is sufficient compensation for that?

Whether is nobler, the ancient superstition that was awe-struck in presence of the lightning and thunder, conceiving them to be the threatening eye-beams and angry voice of an offended Deity, or this modern engineering science which sends the lightning across continents and seas, laden with innumerable batches of lying rumors, empty gossip, and now and then a scrap of useful information!

The electric fire that once excited the sentiments of awe and worship in the beholders, has at last come down among us to talk as idly as the rabble on the street-corner. Modern science has made obedient servitors of the demons and furies; and she has set the chariot of the Sun to carting and draying about our streets. She has given us

a key to the temple, but in entering the sacred place, we discover that the deity has fled.

Once the world was full and flooded with God, and man saw it glow, and palpitate, and quake with the immanent presence of the universal Soul ; now it abounds in petroleum, navigation, and stone coal.

Nature is not an incoherent jumble, but language and imagery set to an infinite meaning. And to deny man's ability to gain any clear knowledge of the essential meaning and intention of nature, how is that any better than the now vanishing method of defining the sense of the world to correspond with the chapel creeds and village economies ?

The positivist views nature simply as a procession ; he notes the apparent relative dignity and importance of the individuals and companies that are joined in the march ; he describes how they seem to lead or follow one another ; he also endeavors to discover man's place in the ranks, together with the proper time and order to which he shall gauge his steps ; but he professes himself incompetent to know, or even rationally to inquire, whence the procession has come or whither bound, what its import may be, anything concerning the character of the Leader, or whether it have a leader or a purpose of any sort. Positivism is science still in the quadruped state — a very good animal, and useful for bearing burdens, but it has n't yet begun to walk upright. For the mistakes and blunders of the past, it would doom man's spiritual nature to a state of perpetual hibernation. But as the Development Hypothesis seems likely to get well established, it indicates a course of progress whereby this quadruped science is to ascend and become human, a faithful image and illustration of the divine. The science of to-day resembles the science of the future only as the dead bird stuffed resembles the living bird which is overflowing with love and song.

Upon the ground of the Nebular Hypothesis, suppose that a large and luminous intelligence were present when the matter of which the solar and stellar systems are composed, was still spread over space in the form of thin vapor or fine ether,— then, as that intelligence beheld the first and least agitation of the diffused matter, must it not have seen therein prefigured and foretold the whole order and system of nature that have followed and all that is to be hereafter ? It may have required an infinite intelligence to comprehend the prophecy and announcement of that first nebular agitation ; but can any one doubt that the prophecy and announcement were therein contained ? To deny this would be to attribute the whole order, and beauty, and development of the universe to chance or fortuitous circumstance. But not to deny it, is at least to encourage the hope that the mind of man

may become vastly more far-seeing and prophetic, and that even physical science, which is now almost exclusively retrospective, may so far succeed in mastering the meaning of nature, as to foretell from its knowledge of the past and present world, the leading features and characteristics of the world as it is to be in the future.

The laws of thought correspond with the laws of the world. As man thinks aright he thinks over the order of nature, as if he had been present at the creation, and were reviewing the plan. It is likely that the finite mind can never arrive at a clear comprehension of the thought of the Infinite One; and the highest achievement in this direction may only be man's thought concerning God's thought. But so much at least is discoverable, namely, that the world is a self-consistent unit and that the substance thereof is mind or spirit. God is not so much the unknowable as he is the undefinable. He is the known unknowable, and man is not quite wrong in supposing himself like God; for he can know God only to the extent of his self-knowledge. Like that fairy tent which was so small and light that it could be carried as a toy in the hand, but with the mere wish of the owner it would expand so as to shelter the largest army, thus the soul, now so contracted in ignorance and partial knowledge, a toy of fate, may become so enlarged as to comprehend the essential meaning and foretell the destiny of the world.

But it is not easy to suppose upon the theory of "special creations" that science can ever become to any very considerable extent prospective and prophetic. If science is to gain the faculty of a comprehensive foresight, it can hardly be otherwise than in connection with a universal law of evolution, a knowable sequence of cause and effect, and a constant transmutation of the lower into the higher in nature. It is well to treat the subject of evolution and transmutation as an open question, but it is not well to treat it as a party question. It is not a question to be decided by the vote or applause of any New York or Boston audience, whether man was made the subject of a special creative act, or is derived by regular succession and gradual improvement from the animals beneath him. A renowned Doctor of science puts the question to his audience in this wise: Would the line of your genealogy lead to the name Monkey, if recited far enough back, or are you the children of God, whose original progenitors were introduced into the world by an immediate and special act of creation? Of course the vote by acclamation is given *against* the monkey; but is it therefore any the more *for* God or *for* man. One might answer most of those who have given the vote, with the question, Whether is best, to have *descended* from Adam or to have *ascended* from the

monkey? But this is not a question to be decided by the preferences of majorities; and what avails any one's endeavors to disprove man's origination from the animal world, if the tail, and claws, and tricks of his ancestors are visible in his argument? This Development Theory is often treated by those who oppose it as if it were a resolution to abolish God. But all such accusations are vain; for the mind will at last resort to the simplest and most coherent method of explaining the existence and order of the universe, whether that method be theistic, pantheistic, or atheistic. Yet how can God be necessary in any theory of nature, if his universal and immediate care is not required to conduct the grand procession of life from the first animal or vegetable cell through an ever-ascending and widening series up to man and thence to higher and highest types of manhood?

When all is said, God is a necessary affirmation of the soul; and it is a foolish trick to make the charge of atheism against an ably supported scientific theory which has been propounded with no intention of either proving or denying the existence of the One Supreme Cause. God is the Infinite Affirmative, and all opposing negatives are only relative and apparent.

Nature needs to be interpreted by those who can engage her in a loving and sympathetic intercourse. The inspiration of the seer should be combined with the patient research of the naturalist. The science that is merely retrospective is a lame and partial science; the science of the future shall be able to read the creative thought forward as well as backward, and upward as well as downward, tracing the same law, and order, and sequence from the lowest to the highest forms and degrees of existence, and showing how the lowest voice and motion of nature are preparatory to the sublimest chorus of worship and the noblest and freest performances of spiritual life. Instead of supplying stuffed and embalmed specimens to stock the museums, science shall reproduce the love and songs of birds, the life and bloom of the vegetable world, and the light of suns; she shall weave the howl of the carnivora, the hiss of serpents, the moan of suffering, and the carnival of folly and crime into the perfect symphony of nature. And that shall be the perfect union of science and worship.

The plan of the universe is represented in the opposing muscles of the body. It is built upon friendly antagonisms: light and darkness, centripetal and centrifugal forces, life and death, and must we not add, truth and error, virtue and vice, holiness and sin? But the phrase *plan of the universe*, is probably never correctly employed save as an accommodation of speech. I mean that these antagonisms have all been provided for and are representative of the universal *mode* of na-

ture. We can see the good of some antagonisms, such as of the extensor and flexor muscles, the systole and diastole of the heart, and so forth : and science and faith will unite to proclaim the wisdom and beneficence of all antagonisms whatsoever. The beams which appear as spears of battle in a gigantic and interminable warfare betwixt supernal and infernal forces, meet at their points in a bracing opposition to sustain the roof of the temple where dwell the serene and beneficent gods.

The real import of each one of the religions has been, *Who is so great a God as our God?* It will be found that not one of them has predicated a God great enough to supply impartially the whole universe. There is an expressed or implied dualism in all the religions which makes it awkward and illogical to suppose that the whole world is within the control of one supreme and perfect Being. The dominion of the universe is divided between divine and infernal powers, and man, a detached fragment, may be trampled to perdition or exalted to glory in the strife.

The systems of worship do not treat man as of right belonging to nature, nor as a child and heir of the Eternal, but as a beggared prodigal and forsaken foundling. And the question is, how by pleadings, intercessions, and expensive atonements, to get him restored to favor and prosperity? The prevailing worship is not in a high sense respectable or ennobling to mankind. It is in great part a system of bribery and corruption thrusting itself into the very court of heaven.

But when the true worship is attained, instead of being a struggle for reconciliation, it will be a perception of essential and universal harmony. Man, the finite, is the child and heir of the Infinite, and in no case a hopeless prodigal or lost foundling ; and when he is made aware of his right nature and relations, he can rest with serene confidence in the embrace of the intelligent laws, and go forward in the perfect security of their omnipotent protection : he is now become an auditor and seer in the infinite temple of Being where all the discord of time is melted and subdued into the universal harmony ; worship is no longer made to consist of special acts connected with set times and places ; it is no longer a calling for the heavens to open that the eternal life may descend ; but the realization that man is now in the blooming heaven of boundless opportunity, with the river of eternal life flowing just at his feet. And in this discovery shall be banished all idea of exclusion and caste, and man be sent glad and erect upon his errand of life, feeling himself in league with nature, and assured that all his encounters will be with friends and helpers.

EVERETT FINLEY.

## MORAL CAUSES OF MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

### I.

LABOR is the foundation of wealth ; wages the principal source of business prosperity, and of money circulation : without them there is no life in a nation. Indeed, labor is asleep until the electricity of wages inspires the work. Man knows then what he is working for, and what comfort is brought to the loved ones by this application to duty.

A country may be fertile, the rocks full of minerals, the climate delicious, but it requires the skilful hand of man to turn the raw material to account, that he may not only live but lay by for unfavorable seasons, and accumulate for the multitudinous purposes of business. The savage cannot kill an animal, entrap a bird or catch a fish until by labor he has fashioned the bow and arrow, or javelin, constructed the trap or gin and made the hook and line. He cannot find shelter from sun or storm until he has built a hut ; nor protect himself from the inclemencies of the seasons until he has fashioned some sort of covering for the body. He catches the horse and dog and trains them to his uses. He watches the seasons and discovers their connection with the movements of the sun and planets. He divides out the heavens, and predicts from their aspects a whole superstructure of religious beliefs and observances.

This is the rudest view of labor. But mere labor is not all of wealth. The strong and skilful man having made better arms for the chase, or having acquired influence by opportunities, strength and skill combined, sought to use the labor of others to increase and perpetuate his own accumulations. Such a man, proud of success, would leave off making the implements of his good fortune, and deem it enough to use them in the chase or war. He would thus degrade labor by refusing co-operation in what he forced upon others—captives and women,—and thus aspiring to idleness acquire necessarily the resultant egotisms. While the toilers, overburdened, would suffer moral and even physical degradation, he would rise more apt for the deeds of vice and crime—pride, caprice, passion would become his prevailing characteristics. Athletic exercises would develop his body, selfishness belittle his mind.

To ask remuneration from the master who keeps them, or lets them live, will become the height of insolence. Thus will thousands of years pass away. Even in modern times a Christian Bishop of France,

Adalberon, in the 12th century, writing of a State, says: "There are only two classes, the clergy who pray and the nobles who fight; and below them, very far, are the serfs or manants, who work, but are not reckoned in the State." Further, alluding to the changes just beginning to be felt through efforts made to modify slavery, which the feudal system had rendered so severe, he complains that "morals changed and social order was in danger!" In other words, pride of caste was wounded.

Few persons seem aware how utterly the old Roman civilization had been destroyed by the hordes of Goths, Huns and Vandals, which for several centuries carried desolation through the fairest lands of Europe. Italy alone resisted with some success; maintained a republican independence, and became the great commercial power of the world.

Gregory of Tours in the 6th century, speaking of a Frankish chief of his time living at Treves, says: "The barbarian harbors along with his cattle in a strongly built farmhouse, the doors of which are, at night time, bolted with wooden bolts; for these warlike guests did not bring with them from their homes the knowledge of the use of locks. The herds were kept by the descendants of Roman Senators, who have fallen into slavery; nay, one among them is the nephew of the Bishop of Langres, and a cunning slave also of Roman descent serves as cook to the luxury of a Frank master, who lives the life of a rude peasant in the midst of the fragments of ancient art, of columned halls, baths, and atria with mosaic floors."

The great Mediterranean civilization had given way before this invasion of wild men from Russia, Tartary, and Mongolia. For ten centuries at least Europe was buried in darkness. What there was of individual or ancient civilization kept itself quiet; sought the cloister, or the "learned" professions, feared to study, to innovate, almost to think, lest under a charge of cultivating magic arts persecution and death might follow.

A few students at first, and then many under the protection of the church, sought the universities of Italy, and there found not only the knowledge they desired, but a new world of social and political ideas; while every northern man was the slave or vassal of some feudal chief, who had power of life and death over him, the Italian in his various republics, with the remnants of Roman law and usage, elected his own officers, and practised a sort of self government.

The seed thus picked up germinated eventually in the north, and in the 11th and 12th centuries the teaching of Roman Law became so popular that Popes and Councils forbid the Clergy to study it. "To

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men of that time," says an able historian, "lost in the chaos of feudal laws, the Roman code, an admirable collection of logical deduction derived from natural equity and common utility, seemed truly, as they called it, *written reason*."

But the feudalist chiefs were not content to leave this free Italy alone. Having feudalized their church system also, they sought to introduce feudal laws and hereditary nobility into the land of Republics; and hence speculating on the ambition of Bishops of Rome, they commenced that series of invasions which have made the name of *foreigner* equivalent to *barbarian* in that beautiful country. Byron, in his *Childe Harold*, stanza XLII, sings:

"Italia! Oh Italia thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and past,  
. . . . and could'st claim  
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress."

It was not the "fatal gift of beauty" merely; but rather a hatred of a people devoted to self-government; also, the treachery of the titled clergy, who could not control them while a remnant of the Roman law existed, that tempted to invasions.

Christianity in its essence was simplicity, and conformed to republican usages and institutions. The Imperial regime did not repeal the old laws. But when Europe became feudal, the church fell into rank also. The Pope developed into the King or Emperor; the Cardinal into a Prince; the Archbishop into a Duke; the Bishop into a Count; the Abbot into a Baron, &c. Thus changed at once the policy and the creed or faith of Europe; and while the church adopted new habit, it dropped in part the preaching of the truth for its own sake, and commenced that fighting era, for the spreading of clerical power, which culminated in the Crusades.

What chiefly ruined the Roman Republic was its false labor system. It became Imperial of necessity, just as we were tending in the Southern States by the same absorption of all the profits of labor by a limited, privileged class. Patriotism is the growth of freedom,—the robbed workman hates his oppressors and will not fight for his, that is, *their*, country. The "decline and fall" was not the result of enervation from excessive prosperity; but of enervation from excessive poverty, or pauperism created by law. Had the Roman Law been able to protect every man in the rights of his humanity, so as to control his own labor, the large proportion of monied circulation would have alternated forever between the capitalist and the working man, en-

abling the latter to buy continually in the market of all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. Such a people, ever increasingly prosperous, could never have been conquered by enemies or overrun by barbarians. The rich would have increased in number, and the balance of happiness and power remained fair in proportion to talent and opportunity.

There is a disposition to excuse and extol the barbarians who overwhelmed the Roman civilization and obliterated all that was admirable in their laws ; and to fancy one can find in the miserable substitute of feudalism a compensation for an inferior social system. But however lax, however contrary to the best modern ideas the habits of that old civilization may have been, it was a civilization *that had always advanced* — not retrograded. Nations had fallen, when slavery had exhausted each people. Yet the Roman was far ahead in all the elements of human progress of the Eastern nationalities, out of which he sprung. His civilization had produced the greatest religious teachers, philosophers, poets, artists, lawgivers and moralists,—from all of whose words and works we are every day learning and gaining ! It was this Mediterranean civilization, thus created out of the *vicious innocence* of the earlier races of men, that the almost untameable barbarian from the Siberian steppes destroyed for more than twelve centuries, introducing habits, vices and violence worse than anything known for thousands of years before, and creating an intellectual and moral darkness that turned Christianity from her preaching of peace into a gigantic crusading and persecuting force.

"Westward the Star of Empire" wended her way from Himalaya to the Pillars of Hercules, and two routes seem to have been followed — the one by Tartary, Russia and Germany, the other by Persia, Syria, Egypt and the Mediterranean basin. The northern branch, mixed with Mongolian blood, not distinguished for physical beauty ; roamed wild, a nomadic life, for thousands of years — barbarized by the natural aspects of the Siberian wastes. The southern branch, mixed with the more perfectly developed races of the South — the Nubian or Ethiopian races,—improved mentally, morally and physically under the influence of a nature calling forth their energies and suggestive of all that is good and beautiful. The man, living, as it were, under the sun, breathing every day and night the pure air of heaven, oppressed by no extremes of heat or cold, could not fail to develop physically and mentally. The man, on the contrary, exposed to extremes of temperature, breathing a part of the year the impure air of caves and tents, often short of food and satisfying hunger with roots, &c., could not be expected to develope into an Apollo. The broadchested,

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deep-lunged Roman, and the spare, though sinewy Tartar, met on the plains of Germany.

The very outcasts from oriental despotism could find refuge on the rocks and islands of the Mediterranean Sea ; and from these pirate-centres of liberty arose those great commercial Republics which for thousands of years dotted her shores, and threw forth towards the West, colony after colony, — each one a step in liberty and civilization in proportion to its more distant removal from the old influence and prejudices.

It might be supposed that the educated Romans who, to save themselves from slavery to these barbarians, rushed into the church, could through its influences have done much for humanity. But the anarchy was too great ; the destruction of property and ruin too general. One of the greatest sources of wealth consists in the well-built cities and villages of a country. The house yields not only a return in rent for generations, paying its original cost perhaps many times, but it makes return also in shelter, comfort, security and domestic happiness. Where these were mostly destroyed, the population necessarily degenerated toward the level of the conquerors. For centuries, "every man's house was his castle," inasmuch as every man's hand was ever against his neighbor. Bands of robbers under Barons, Counts, Bishops, Abbots, &c., roamed over Europe ; and vasals and clans sustained the rival feuds of their chiefs ; while pests and plagues repeatedly depopulated the distracted kingdoms. The habits and language of the most "distinguished people," were of the most revolting kind. Personal cleanliness, change of linen were unknown. All alike lay down at night on straw or rushes strewn on the floor.

A writer of the 12th century remarks : "The nobles pillaged the traders, and the traders or bourgeois pillaged the peasants when they came to the town market ; and the Bishops levied heavier and heavier taxes."

We owe our pertinacity in teaching the classics to the influence of the love for Italy of the old Roman population, and much of the secret of the perpetuation of the power of Rome to the intercourse and interest kept up in the schools and colleges of Europe for so many centuries. Rome, no longer powerful politically, used her superior intellect to domineer the barbarian through his superstitious fears and affections. Thus its Bishops, once dependents of the Patriarch of Constantinople, claiming the protection of Northern Kings and Emperors, and aiding them in destroying the remnants of Roman republics in Italy, gradually elevated themselves to a power and splendor, which could have existed only through the agency of the

grossest ignorance and barbarity. The Italian people ever treated this feudal power with contempt, and D. Clement, a learned Benedictine, did not hesitate to write of that bold prelate, Gregory VII., in the 11th century, that he based his pretensions "upon documents he asserted to have received from heaven, and preserved in the archives of the church, but which he never dared to produce." Italy laughed, while the barbarian bowed his head!

To form a correct idea of these terrible times we need only read the remarkable chronicles of Gregory of Tours, translated by M. Guizot. We shall not then be surprised to find that population in Europe not only did not increase for several centuries, but that it repeatedly diminished. The clergy and nobles alone formed the State, or were free. All others were slaves or dependents; and as no wages was given for labor done, no money circulated, and business could not receive its legitimate impulse. The chivalry, ignorant and barbarous, clad in almost impenetrable armour, made by the skill of the enslaved Roman people, not satisfied with the incessant raids upon the traders and lower classes to obtain means to feed their retainers, frequently amused themselves by slaughtering the unarmed people "like pigs," to use an expression of the time! We have the fact recorded that a young Prince, the Comte De St. Pol, (in the 15th century,) was taught the art of killing men by practising upon the prisoners shut up in his guardian's castle, and that on one occasion he dispatched about ninety, "taking great pleasure" in the chivalric pastime!

We thus see how impossible it was for feudal Europe to be other than a land of beggared people, impoverished nobles, and proud, and for the most part ignorant, churchmen. The mystery of Darkness was everywhere; the Light of Religion nowhere. For religion is not form or lip service, but the being good and doing good. It is the application of action to practical life in fairness and justice to all. It is not equality of position, but fairness; it is not fraternity of social organization, but of justice. When the infamous Law gives all the land and all the advantages to the nobles, the whole country is demoralized and beggared. When the law begins to recognize the rights of all men in the fair fruits of their labor of hand or brain, there is peace in the busy world; the rich become richer, and all are happier and more contented. Crimes and vices diminish, and human life is lengthened.

In France, in the 10th century, "slaves were allowed to live in families, i. e., in a house with wife and children." With this followed other changes for the better; villages and cities arose, result of a healthier condition of things. Still oppression and pillage by nobles

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"led to insurrections which were atrociously suppressed by the chivalry, by burning by slow fire, empaling, dropping not lead on them, tearing out the eyes, cutting the wrists and hams, in order to terrify others! Finally a little law began to take the place of arbitrary acts, 'a detestable thing,' says an old chronicler, and thus feudalism was ruined, since it lived only by violence. A society which perishes by its own faults, however, always accuses and abuses that which replaces it."

In the 12th century serfs were allowed to testify in Court; and in the 13th the Seigneurs began to comprehend that they gained by having laborious freemen rather than lazy serfs on their property, "who neglected their work, saying, that they did not like working for others for nothing."

Popular rights found strong support in the Roman law, which began to revive in the 11th and 12th centuries. Feudal law gave all to the eldest son; the new class of freemen adopted the principles of rational law, and made an equal division among children.

In fact feudalism, which culminated in the Crusades and gave birth to chivalry, drew to its termination in the 15th century, when royalty began to make laws for the whole State, to organize the finances and reform the army. The one grand tyranny suppressed the many petty tyrannies, but could only do so by calling in the assistance of the middle class. Thus the Roman system of laws tended all over Europe to modify and moralize by fairness the condition of the people.

Another circumstance, not without potent influence on the destinies of the world, was the gradual annihilation of the barbarian aristocracy through its own vices and violence, and the necessary and natural substitution of a new class of nobles out of the old Roman populations. Higher mental and physical endowments must tell in the end; and however great the calamities which overwhelmed the race for a time, it will, by its superior tact in acquiring the languages and habits of its conquerors, become in some respects more Frank than the Frank, more Saxon than the Saxon, until each have found their natural level. Did not the church adapt itself to the taste of the barbarian, and with Roman skill and culture, rear those magnificent Cathedrals, imitation in stone of his native place of worship, the forest, monasteries, &c., which are the admiration of the world? A people of slaves did the gigantic work for a trifle; but they did their work with wonderful intelligence.

In the middle of the 15th century, this oppressed people suffered excessive misery owing to intolerable taxes, the exactions of the

Church of Rome, which absorbed all the current money, and the conduct of the military, who in passing from province to province lodged with the peasants, beat and pillaged them, seized their oxen, forcing them to draw their own plows like beasts. The absorption into the church of such a vast multitude of strong and intelligent men, taking them away from productive employment, and forcing them to live idly upon the labor of others, and those others wretchedly poor and oppressed, increased the universal poverty, intensified the struggle to obtain the means of existence, and aggravated all the passions of every class.

We mistake the "good old times" from viewing them through the moral spectacles of the 19th century. The noble Indians described by Fenimore Cooper are no more like the dirty, paint-besmeared creatures of real life, than the knights and noble dames of Walter Scott are to the real Goths and Vandals, their Frèdègondes and Brunehauts, so vividly represented by Bishop Gregory. These writers of fictions, in using historic names and incidents, have to clothe them in a dress fit for modern appreciation. They would not sell in any other form. Moreover, they have to please the prejudices of a large and influential class of persons who, however falsely, have been trained to believe themselves descended from such "illustrious ancestors." The Roman — I include under that term all the populations of the Mediterranean basin which attained to civilization under Roman law — enslaved to the barbarian, had to take even the name his master chose to impose upon him. But as intellect will triumph in the long run, and civilization has always the moral courage of patience to wait its opportunity, no one who reflects can doubt that positions will in the end be changed. The descendants of the Roman people are everywhere, and those of her military colonists can still be found in various parts of Europe. In the northern counties of England, and in the lowlands of Scotland; in the eastern parts of France and western Germany, the best soldiery are to be found — tall, broad-chested, large-brained. In these parts for many centuries, legions, composed of picked men, were stationed by the Roman government to keep the barbarian in check, and preserve the frontiers intact.

CHARLES L. ALEXANDER.

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ERNEST RENAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. SAINTE BEUVE.

(*Nouveaux Lundis. June 29th, 1862.*)

THERE have been complaints for a considerable time, that in the field of imagination and invention, properly so called, there appears no new work, no new talent of the first order, taking its rank immediately and commanding recognition by brilliant and incontestable tokens ; these complaints cannot be made in the world of erudition and criticism ; they would be unjust, and one might immediately answer them by citing names which have pushed themselves forward within the last ten or twelve years, and, which since the time of their appearance, have been acquiring a genuine celebrity. In the front rank of this powerful and brilliant generation stands M. Renan. Although the starting-point, and the main subject of his studies would seem likely to circumscribe at first the circle of his public and of his readers, he has, ever since his entrance upon his career, contrived to extend it, by the superiority and variety of his views, by the new manner in which he regards and presents each question, and by the rare distinction of the form which he employs. His review articles in particular, and even his simple newspaper articles, which laid aside the usual forms, and presented each an individual whole, at once drew attention to him as master of a new style. There are persons who narrow and lessen the subjects which they handle ; there are some who dry them up ; he lifts up and ennobles them ; he transforms them without altering their nature ; he clothes them with a happy mixture of gravity and elegance ; above all he fixes them, and puts them in their place, and exactly at their proper point, in their relations with other regions, on the chart of the intellectual world. He therefore gained respect from the first ; he had a charm of seriousness. Each of his learned writings, his *Studies in Religious History*, his *Philosophical and Literary Essays* sold rapidly, and with the educated public, he had reached that most desirable degree of consideration and sustained interest, beyond which there is only vogue with its capriciousness. Recent and very unexpected incidents have given him this likewise, and have thrown him, so to speak, into the tide of a popularity, for which he did not seem suited, and for which he certainly had no ambition. In any country, where knowledge is appreciated for its own sake, where men's characters are honored for their intrinsic worth, where people prefer to enter upon a controversy, if need be, with a

man of merit, rather than to apostrophize and insult him, where people do not proceed with ideas as they do with everything else, by fits and starts, by leaps and bounds, there would not be all this noise, and we should be going and listening to M. Renan, grave, measured, elegant, and always respectful, and taking the liberty to discuss him when we come out.

I should wish to relate briefly, and without any large number of conjectures, the history of this lofty intellect which stands distinct from those of our other contemporaries, and which owes a portion of its character and originality to its origin. Mr. Ernest Renan, who is not yet forty years old, was born in 1823 in Brittany—in Lower Brittany, let us not forget—at Tréguier. He belonged to a sea-faring family; by his father's side he belonged to the pure Breton race—to that staid, gentle, inflexible race, of which he has spoken so beautifully in his Essay on Lamennais. His roots go down into it, he has preserved its foundation; and among those who are accustomed to recognize and to unravel the essential elements which survive in spite of moral transformations, I shall not surprise any one by saying that, under his most consummate philosophic form he still maintains certain traits derived from his first race,—traits which he himself has noted as the most profound and lasting, “faith, earnestness, antipathy to what is vulgar, contempt for what is frivolous”—yes, faith, a kind of faith, not in the supernatural, but in the *divine*; and one might indeed say, that, in his manner of looking at Nature, history, and humanity, M. Renan dissolves and disseminates the divine, but does not destroy it.

Born the last of the family, twelve years after the others—after a sister who stood by him in his youth, and was like a second mother to him, who would never leave him, and whom he has had the misfortune to lose quite recently during a scientific pilgrimage to the East, to which she was still his companion, he received and fostered within him, without squandering them, the domestic virtues and affections. His worthy mother, of whom he is the living likeness, is still alive to rejoice in such a son; and to have had the honor of seeing her once is enough to give one a feeling of the piety, tenderness, and quaintness which must have presided at this early home education. Sent to school in his native town,—to a small college kept by ecclesiastics,—he studied with success till the age of sixteen: the masters in this college were priests belonging to the country, chips of the old block, grave and learned, giving instruction in polite literature with solidity and good sense, and anterior to every invasion of what may be termed clerical Romanticism or neo-catholicism. M. Renan has ever cherished their memory with deep gratitude.

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On coming to Paris, being recruited, and called, by virtue of his provincial success, to the small seminary then under the direction of an abbé already celebrated, M. Dupanloup, a man of eloquence and zeal, but of a zeal not always sure, he seemed to fall into quite a new world; coming from under the influence of a Christian classical education, with its severity and soberness, he was placed under a very different régime; he came in contact for the first time with Parisian worldly catholicism of that very singular kind, which, in its different varieties, we have seen spring up, grow day by day, and flourish; — a catholicism agitated and agitating, superficial and material, feverish, eager to profit by all the sensations, all the hobbies, and all the fashions of the age, by all the passing trains of pleasure or of war, at every turn putting fire under your stomach, and lighting coals on your head: there has arisen from it that fair array of youth, whom we know, and whom we see at work. After spending three years at this small seminary, M. Renan entered St. Sulpice, and in the first place, the *maison d'Issy*, with a view to studying philosophy for a couple of years. On his arrival in the world of St. Sulpice, he seemed, on the contrary, to be returning to his old surroundings in Brittany; surrounded by grave, quiet men, by learned teachers (the abbé Gosselin), some of them profound and highly original (the abbé Pinault, for example) he began to develop his own originality; he says:

"Ecclesiastical education, which has serious drawbacks, when it comes to the formation of the citizen and the practical man, has excellent effects in awakening and developing originality of mind. The teaching of the University, which is certainly more regular, more solid, and better disciplined, has the disadvantage of being too uniform, and of leaving too little room for individual taste, whether on the part of the professor, or on that of the pupil. In literature, the Church is, on the whole, less dogmatic than the University. Its taste is less pure, its methods less severe, but there is less of the literary superstition of the seventeenth century in it. Matter is sacrificed in a less degree to form; there is more declamation, but less rhetoric. This is peculiarly true of the higher education. Freed from all inspection, and all official control, the intellectual arrangements of the great seminaries are those of the most perfect liberty; nothing or next to nothing being imposed upon the pupil as compulsory duty, he remains in full possession of himself; add to this absolute solitude, long hours of meditation and silence, constant devotion to an aim which is superior to all personal considerations, and it will be seen what admirable institutions such houses must be for developing the reflective faculties. Such a mode of life crushes the weak mind, but imparts a singular energy to the mind which is capable of thinking for itself."

His first doubts came to him at Issy, and resulted from physical studies, from the sciences, for which he felt he had some taste, and

which he was beginning to cultivate. These nascent doubts, however, still left room for many sorts of explanation, and the young Sulpician, in course of his transition, found himself, I imagine, in one of those phases of Christian philosophy, at one of those intermediate stations, which Malebranche, whom he was reading at that time, had known, and at which the great preacher of the Oratoire had contrived, in his time, to stop midway, and to pitch his light tents and magnificent pavilions.

But our age, ill-sheltered and open to all the winds as it is, no longer allows these ephemeral encampments; the gorgeous clouds of a Malebranche would, in our day, be very soon swept away by the tempests or by the lightest breezes that blow every morning from all the points of the compass. M. Renan, after spending these two years at Issy, came to take his theological course at the seminary of Paris, and it was there that, on seeing unfolded before him, in all its crudeness and angularity, the scholastic theology, the old doctrine of St. Thomas, "overhauled and pounded by twenty sorbonic generations," his critical sense, already awake, rebelled: he could not believe it; so many imprudently raised objections, which a stout or subtle logic fancied it could level at every blow, so many rude thrusts given to historical truth, repelled him, in spite of himself, and at last forced him to come from behind his intrenchments. "How many minds," he says somewhere, "have been initiated into heterodoxy merely by the *Solvuntur objecta* of theological treatises!" He studied Hebrew, however, under M. Lehir, to whose solid teaching he has paid homage; though a pupil, he was even appointed, as early as his second year, to instruct the other pupils in the elementary course. By a singular licence, he was allowed to go to the College of France to hear M. Quatremère, and on his way, numerous echoes reached him from without. This second year at St. Sulpice was 1844-45.

Nevertheless he had begun to study Germany, and through Germany he had become initiated into those sciences of modern growth, which have had so much difficulty in making their way and obtaining a footing among us, even after thirty or forty years of fixed and regular existence. I do not know in fact what our flimsy routine is waiting for, before making its acquaintance with them, and recognizing their power of method and their results. M. Renan had in particular received a very deep impression from the ideas and views of Herder:—that species of Christianity or higher religious basis, which admits all investigations, and all the consequences of criticism and examination, and which at the same time allows the existence of respect, and even of enthusiasm; which preserves and saves it by transferring it,

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in some measure, from dogmatism to history, to complex and living productivity, restored his serenity, and afforded him much quiet : he felt that, if he had lived in Germany, he might have found situations favorable for independent and respectful study, without being compelled to break absolutely with venerable things and names, and this by means of a sort of happy fusion of poetry with the religion of the past.

But the clearness of our minds, as well as the dryness of our forms, and the pointedness of our rules, does not tolerate such undecidedness, which is often fostering and fruitful : we must choose between *yes* and *no*. It was during the vacation of 1845, in Brittany, that M. Renan made his final reflections : all the historical and critical studies of the previous year had given a precise and stationary form to the objections which had formerly been floating about in his mind. He determined to leave St. Sulpice, without entering upon his third year, and informed his master of his resolution. M. Renan was sent to the College of Stanislas, and there spent a fortnight in the company of the abbé Gratry, a man of intellect and talent, but one whose methods could have no hold upon him. He preferred soon to withdraw to a boarding school in the Quartier St. Jacques, where he gave lessons. His tender sister, at this painful crisis, came to his aid, and spared him the anxieties of material life : he was at least able to give himself up entirely to his ideas, and to those noble endeavors after progress and inner advancement to which he had devoted himself.

The nature of this intellectual emancipation on the part of M. Renan deserves to be well understood and defined. In a certain sense, it was not a struggle, a violent storm, a rending : there was no day, or hour, or solemn moment for him, in which the veil of the temple was rent from before his eyes ; he was not the counterpart of Saint Paul, who on the road to Damascus, was struck and thrown down, and thereby converted. Philosophy did not appear to him one morning or one evening, like a Minerva full-armed ; it did not announce itself by a peal of thunder, as it did, I imagine, in the case of Lamennais, and, to a small extent, in that of Jouffroy. He had no sweat of battle, like Jacob in his struggle with the angel, and no solitary watch of agony. Nothing of the kind ; if the rending process did take place, it was in another respect, namely that of personal relations ; it was no doubt painful and trying for him to have to separate himself from the venerable men, to whom he was attached by feelings of affection and gratitude ; he suffered because he was obliged to cause them pain by informing them of an irrevocable determination. He was timid ; he was a novice in manners ; the man, whom at pres-

ent we hear expressing himself with so much firmness, vigor, and delicacy, without ever hesitating for a shade of expression, had at that time to surmount many hesitations of form, and many phases of bashfulness; he had a tender front, as was said of Nicole. And there his Breton heart was tender too and could not remain altogether insensible in this divorce, slow as it was, but decisive and irrevocable, from the beliefs of his cradle and his childhood, which were escaping from him. It cost him pain to separate from things, as well as from men. But, with that exception, he had no other effort to make in his spiritual life, than to allow himself to grow and ripen; he had his evolution, not his revolution. The modern scientific spirit had gradually laid hold of him, and spread by degrees, like the light which rises on the horizon, and rapidly fills all space. The old provisional edifice crumbled within him stone by stone; but ere the moment when it finally sank, it was already replaced by another, of deep and solid foundations. In a word, M. Renan, in passing from dogma to science, presents the most remarkable contrast to Lamennais: he is a Lamennais, young, gradual, delivered in time, without either hurricane or tempest — a progressive, and not a volcanic Lamennais. See him at the moment when he comes forth, and when he appears; he has nothing to throw down, nothing to overturn round about him, as happens when one makes his appearance in the world after a struggle; he does not burst forth in random flashes; he does break away, he detaches himself before the action. Thus his serenity as a student and as a scholar, notwithstanding even the greatest increase of labor, was never disturbed. He felt no irritation against what he had just left: a very slight movement of reaction, which was soon calmed down, is barely observable in his first writings. His gravity, his dignity, and, if I may use the expression, his intellectual gait had not in any respect to suffer or to undergo discomposure, on account of a change, which was sincere and natural, which came at the proper time, in the natural course of things, through a necessary and generous crisis, and before any contrary or irrevocable step had been taken.

Left to himself henceforth, he had to try another career; the University attracted him; he entered himself as an *agrégé* of philosophy in 1848. But this philosophical teaching did not suit him; and in his paper on *The Future of Metaphysics*, written with special reference to a work of M. Vacherot's, he has sufficiently explained the reason. He has no taste for abstract study, for ideas in themselves, separated like fruits from their stems and considered as isolated; he has no confidence but in history, in history viewed in its succession, in all

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its extent, genuine comparative human history. "And then," he tells us somewhere, "if I had been born to be a principal of a school, I should have had a strange whim: I should have liked only such of my pupils as detached themselves from me." Philosophical teaching, in fact, if it is not the forced demonstration of a sort of philosophical catechism, whose theses, laid down beforehand, are supposed to be irrefutable, can be nothing else but a provocation and an incitement to incessant research, which then brings with it what it can, and excludes nothing of what it finds. Now, this is not only something which the state in France has never sanctioned; it is also something which our public spirit does not seem to admit of. We rebel immediately against any professed opinion which differs from ours. I know persons, who from a spirit of opposition, after having battled all their lives against M. Cousin's philosophy as dangerous, as long as it was dominant, are now demanding to have it reëstablished in all its extent, even in our colleges, and who nevertheless do not wish to see any of the consequences to which it formerly led, and to which it may still lead. Young man, you must be satisfied with this reasoning, with this demonstration, though it may appear to you inadequate; in such high matters, you shall go thus far and no farther. A singular way to be consequent, and to foster ideas! I ask nothing better than that we should be philosophers, gentlemen, but then let us be so seriously and in good faith, without regard to consequences. Few minds, in this case, are called to be philosophical. Philosophy is a vocation and an original gift, as poetry is.

M. Renan, who was not a man to imprison himself in any way, turned to the Academies, and he did well. Whilst he was persevering in the direction of philosophy, studying Hebrew and Arabic, and whilst he was making steadfast progress in the positive side of languages, profiting by the instructions of M. Quatremère, a man altogether special and narrow, and drawing inspiration, in method and scientific fact, from M. Eugene Burnont, a superior mind,—he competed for prizes offered by the Institute for learned memoirs. Such was the origin of one of those memoirs, which served as the basis for the *General History of the Semitic Languages*, and which obtained the Volney prize in 1847. Another memoir, crowned in the following year on *The Study of Greek in the West during the Middle Ages* has not yet been published. In 1850, M. Renan was appointed by the Academy of Inscriptions to a learned mission to Italy: there he prepared his work on *Averroes and Averroism* (1852) which was originally the subject of his thesis for the doctorate. After having written for the review, which appeared under the title of *Liberty of Thought*, among

other articles; a very remarkable one *on the Origin of Language* (1848) he soon marked his appearance in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1851), and almost at the same time in the *Journal des Debats* (1852) by a series of essays or articles perfect and excellent, in which this learned, profound, delicate, fine, proud and somewhat disdainful mind uttered itself on many subjects of history, literature and art, under a form at once grave and stirring.

The young writer had nothing of the beginner about him ; neither in thought nor expression, was there anything slipshod. Amid a diversity of subjects, there was felt to be a steadfast vocation, and a unity. His vocation, as far as purpose was concerned, was evidently to write religious history ; as far as the method was concerned, to study every form, and every production of human genius, historically not dogmatically, and in this historical study, not to confine himself to the mere facts themselves, or to any series or collection of facts, but to consider the whole aspect of production and continuous living vegetation, from the root, from the silent germination, through all its developments up to the flower. Endowed not merely with an extreme personal eagerness to learn and to know, but with the love of the true and with "that great curiosity," which carries with its dominant idea, and thus suits itself to the actual and precise needs of human effort at every period, he early convinced himself that what he most desired to know, others desired to know also ; and he assigned to himself, as a rendezvous, and as a distant but certain goal, notwithstanding the variety and apparent desultoriness of his works, the History of the Origins of Christianity. He meditated undertaking this history at once critical and living, with all the resources of modern erudition, "above and far beyond any polemical or apologetical intention : " this was his constant dream — the fairest, the loftiest and the most complicated of dreams. Meanwhile, he gave his prelude, not wishing to attack this great subject till after he had made himself an authority, and gained the favor of the public by works of a purely literary or scientific character, in which his ulterior aim, and religious bias should not excite too much suspicion.

In this he succeeded to a certain extent, and gave proofs of his knowledge and his art, in a number of fresh and ingenious essays, loftily and finely thought, on every subject. Wherever he passed, things seemed different from what they had been before ; he taught you to see the country as if from the top of a hill. But in vain ; his religious bias showed itself, people felt the presence of a witness, an observer of a new order, armed with instruments of his own, and smacking of pure curiosity under the guise of respect. People shouted

and denounced : he remained calm, kept apart from polemics as from an inferior exercise, and rose a degree higher in his own point of view, so as not to fear even to encounter a slight cloud — the golden cloud of poësy. He seems to have tried to wrap himself round with it sometimes.

In general, the method of criticism, which he applies in every branch of study, and which he has exalted into an art, is this : —

He endeavors to arrive at the formula, the idea, the abridged image of each country, each race, each historic group, each salient individual, in order to give it its rank and its proper place in this ideal representation, which the *élite* of the human race successively carries with it. This is what he calls the *consciousness of the human race*, a sort of superior movable mirror, in which are reflected and concentrated the principle rays or features of the past, and which at every period, the larger or smaller number of men who think, carry with them and transmit to those who follow. Humanity thus conceived and reduced to its *élite* cannot however carry everything along with it : at every moment selection, pruning, generalization are necessary. Events themselves usually look after this simplification ; humanity itself, in cases of necessity, provides for it by means of sacrifices. "On the monuments of Persepolis," M. Renan tells us, "we see each of the different nations tributary to the King of Persia represented by a person wearing the costume of his country, and carrying in his hands the productions of his province to present to the sovereign. Such is humanity : each nation, each intellectual, religious or moral formula leaves behind it a short expression, which is, as it were, its abridged and expressive type, and which remains to represent the millions of men forever forgotten, who have lived and died grouped around it." This consciousness, this memory of the human race, is therefore a sort of perennial Noah's Ark, unto which only the file-leaders of each race, each series, are allowed to enter. I fancy this symbolical humanity of M. Renan's, like Dante's great eagle (in the *Paradiso*) that wonderful bird, altogether made up of lights, souls and eyes. It is the part of science, in every branch to take up and try what is worthy to enter into it, and to figure in it. According to this view, we have a sort of equivalent for immortality, the idea whereof would thus only change its position and be translated. For what more beautiful can a great soul, a lofty intelligence desire, if perchance life and individual consciousness should not last forever, but should vanish after this mortal life? It must desire that its work at least should endure, that that better part of it, into which it has put the keenest of its thought and all its flame, should henceforth enter into the common

inheritance, into the general result of human labor, into the consciousness of humanity ; thereby it is that it redeems itself and is able to live. "The works of each man," says M. Renan, "these are his immortal part. Glory is not a vain word, and we critics and historians pronounce in some sense, a veritable judgment of God. This judgment indeed is not all ; humanity is often but a poor interpreter of absolute justice. But what seems to me to result from the general view of the world, is that an infinite work is going on, into which each man puts his action as an atom. This action, once inserted, is an eternal fact." These are some of his own words.

Surely the man who expresses himself thus is not irreligious ; he would seem to me even to preserve, and to introduce into his final conclusion a small portion of mysticism or indeterminateness under the form of the ideal ; and I should rather be tempted, when I consider the history of the world, the vanity of our experience, the variety and perpetual recommencement of our follies ; when I come to think how many deficiencies there really are in this cabinet of types and samples, which he magnificently calls the *consciousness of the human race*, how many irreparable losses there are, and what an amount of chance there is in what has perished and what has been preserved ; how much arbitrariness and caprice there is in the classing of what remains, and that this remnant of which we are so proud, is, if we except the most recent centuries, which encumber us and fill us to repletion, after all only a treasure composed of drifts, as if after a wreck ; when I think of all those breaks, those oblivions, those abruptnesses, and outlines of reminiscences, those complete ignorances or those approximations, and to tell the truth, those *anythings* which after all can never be completely reconciled, I should rather, I confess, be tempted to say that M. Renan has far too much respect and far too high a reverence for its majesty, the human mind.

But in a country like France, it is well that there should appear from time to time such lofty, earnest intellects to form a counterpoise to the mischievous, mocking, sceptical, incredulous spirit, which lies at the foundation of the race ; and M. Renan is one of these intellects, if ever there was one. It may seem somewhat strange to those who set him down as an unbeliever, to see that I prefer classing him with the opposite class. Of this more anon.

TOM DAVIDSON.

## EXPERIENCE.

**S**LOWLY grows upon the mountains  
The fibre of the Ash and Pine,  
Slowly wells from secret fountains  
The Truth into thy heart and mine.

Deeper than the will's endeavor  
Lies the spirit's folded germ,  
Outward springs its life forever,  
But serves the time's appointed term.

Darkling as a secret river  
Till thrown the folds of earth aside,  
There rests the sunbeam's endless shiver  
Upon the surface of its tide.

Broadly floats the world a vision  
In whose dumb shows the actors play,  
Mocking with a wild derision  
The fickle passions of a day.

Each changing tide of thought or action  
Seems driven by a wind's caprice;  
As war, a sudden soulless faction,  
Sprung amid the halls of Peace.

The eyes of Panthic gods do glimmer  
Veiled amid each secret shade,  
Changing with their fitful shimmer  
Decrees inconstant wills have made.

Slowly yields the brittle passion  
To a censure dim and strange,  
Slowly comes the stubborn fashion  
In which all natures have their range.

Conscious mid the glimmering senses  
Grows the hand of fatal power,  
Crushing down the void pretences  
That mock the world their little hour.

Stealing 'long their mystic courses  
The steps of feeble gods withdraw,  
Grandly wheel the earth's grim forces  
Into tides of conquering law.

## The Radical.

Dimly works through strife eternal  
 The inner sense to outward form,  
 Faintly dawns the light supernal  
 With earthly tinges, deep and warm.

On fateful years descends the glory  
 Flashed from out the hidden mind:  
 Treadeth still a dæmon story  
 Through all the footprints left behind.

Life of man and life of nation  
 Transform the guise of clouded face;  
 Gives, at last, the world's probation  
 The calmer strength of art and grace.

W. J. ARMSTRONG.

## THE RELIGIOUS PRODUCTIVENESS OF HUMANITY.

**M.** RENAN says: "We must give up the attempt to explain by processes accessible to experience the primitive facts of religions, facts that have no analogies since humanity has lost its religious productiveness." \*

Has humanity lost its religious productiveness?

Science affirms that no particle of material existence can ever pass away. Once created is forever created. Can it be that a faculty of the human mind shall in a few centuries die out—and that, too, the highest, noblest, and most important to the soul, the creative religious faculty? Is then, mind less durable than matter? When we combine with this the further belief of M. Renan (expressed in various ways throughout his works) and indeed of most of the thinkers of to-day, that God does not interfere to improve the laws of His universe, or renew them if they be outgrown, which forbids any hope of progress by direct revelation, is it not saying to posterity, what God never said to the human mind, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther"? Is Christianity, with its disputed history, its many misconceptions, its doctrinal, human additions—Christianity, which in this well-worn condition already cramps free-thinking humanity, to be the limit of spiritual growth? Must innumerable hosts of the future still flutter the rags and tatters of Christianity long after the warm life and pure truth that have characterized it, are passed away from it? (For I suppose if human faculties can die out, so can the life and truth of

\* Studies of Religious History and Criticism, Page 226.

a religious belief). Surely, the loss of the religious productiveness of humanity opens a vista of futurity too awful to contemplate!

Out of the heart of the stern old tree of Semitic monotheism sprang the strong stem of Christianity. The human soul had grown fuller and deeper, and was ready for a new religion. It came. It scrupled not to absorb into its life the graceful imagery and delicate sentiment of the Indo-European mind. Combining truth and earnestness with beauty and sentiment, shrouded with the veil of doubt and exaggeration that necessarily surrounded all things in those early ages, it has touched the human heart and taken possession of it, as has nothing else since the creation of the world. And as Christianity grew out of the ancient monotheism, retaining in its bosom all that was holiest and best of the parent-life, and without attempting to destroy, simply superseded it, by a newer, deeper and truer life in itself — so may it not again come to pass, as mankind shall grow yet more capable of higher and nobler life, that another new religion shall spring forth from the bosom of Christianity, and without destroying one jot or one tittle of Christian truth and excellence, lead onward to loftier heights of purity and light than we have ever dreamed of?

At least we dare not doubt that God's truth is still as far above us as the heavens are higher than the earth, and that there is no limit set to the growth of the human soul. It is hardly fair, because the grand truths of Christianity have served to elevate and purify mankind for nearly two thousand years, to affirm that we shall *never* have so absorbed them into our hearts and assimilated them with our souls as to be capable of desiring and learning yet higher truth. It *will not* be fair to affirm it, if some hundreds or thousands of years more shall pass, without seeing the birth of a new religion. The purity and excellence of Christian truth was too far beyond average humanity, at the first, to be more than very faintly comprehended by its early believers. Generation after generation must come and go, each raising its general level of morality and piety a little step beyond its predecessor. Who shall decide *how many*, ere the great Christian Faith shall, either in man's service be straitened and chilled till its vital truth is driven from it, leaving only dead forms and meaningless ceremonies, or by man's noble devotion its purity and holiness shall so penetrate the very soul of humanity as to raise average mankind to a level of excellence approximating to that of Jesus himself? Either result requires the birth of a new religion. We dare not look for a millenium such as the latter suggestion presents; particularly while the tendency of strict Christianity points so distinctly toward the former alternative.

But aside from reasoning, do not facts alone disprove M. Renan's assertion.

In the eighteenth century, in an obscure state of Europe, lived a man who saw visions and wrote them down for the world, as did St. John at Patmos. He discoursed of those things concerning which man is naturally interested, but of which he can never really *know* while he sojourns in the flesh ; of that life which is best expressed in the simple Indian manner, as the Hereafter ; of appearances and realities there ; of spirit form and spirit life ; of spirit happiness and misery ; of spirit work and society. A little band of admirers, attracted by these stories, clustered into churches and assumed his name. But it was not thus that his greatest power has been exercised. Slowly and unconsciously, but surely, like leaven in meal, these ideas concerning spirit-life in the Hereafter have crept into the hearts of men, taking firm hold of vast numbers who never dream of attributing them to their first promulgator, Swedenborg. No persecution has urged on the spread of these doctrines. They seem to have been accepted simply because they are the best ever yet presented, of spirit-life.

In some way — probably it would be difficult, even in the full blaze of the unhistorical present, to learn *how* — certain magnetic and electric phenomena were attributed to *spiritual* agency. In time a startling combination of the doctrines of Swedenborgian Spirit-life with electro-magnetic raps and table-tippings, and mesmeric wonders as yet only half understood, supported by a moral code fully equal to the requirements of average, enlightened, Christian humanity, gives us that great object of interest and study to the present generation, and probably to many in the future, the nascent religion, Spiritualism. Swedenborg was its John the Baptist.

What may be the future of this great movement none can predict. Thoughtful men shake their heads wisely, and say, "There must be something in it." Certainly there is ; something of good, and something of evil, as in everything human. Enough of good in its morals and doctrines to satisfy good men, and enough of wonder-workings and miracles to excite the credulity of the simple, the investigation of the more learned, and the interest of all men.

Without pretending to understand it, we may safely say that it bids fair to be ranked with the great religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islamism ; and we need not yet mourn the loss of religious productiveness from humanity.

God grant we may never be called to such a funeral !

## PITY ME.

I AM a man with a horny palm ;  
A stalwart back and a sinewy arm.  
Why pity me ?

I am a man with a tender heart ;  
Of other's woes I bear my part.  
Why pity me ?

I've money enough, and some to spare ;  
Never am deaf to the beggar's prayer.  
Why pity me ?

True hearts are closely knit with mine,  
With ties as strong as ever twine.  
Why pity me ?

My hand is skilled in cunning art ;  
Of useful knowledge I have a part.  
Why pity me ?

But earthly blessings far above  
I boast, confiding, wifely love—  
Why pity me ?

Without which Earth is a barren spot,  
Deprive me of it and Heaven is not.  
Why pity me ?

We have a girl, with tender eyes ;  
We have a boy, ah ! he's our prize.  
Why pity me ?

Her heart is love, her form is grace ;  
His heart is strong to "win his place."  
Why pity me ?

What is there left to burden a prayer ?  
What *can* I covet, with gifts so rare ?  
Why pity me ?

All these I have, one thing I lack,  
Hearken, Oh ! man, my skin IS BLACK.  
Oh ! pity me.

FRANCIS SMITH.

## SOUTH AMERICA IN THE CONGRESS OF PEACE, GENEVA.

**H**ECTOR FLORENCE VARELA, son of the patriot Varela, the first victim by assassination of the tyrant Rosas, who was more afraid of free and fearless speech than of armies, and therefore sent an assassin to cut off the life of this noble man who edited a Journal in Montevideo, in which he opposed the tyrant, has been travelling of late in Europe, and made a speech at the Peace Congress in Geneva which contained a passage about the late war of the United States, for which General Dix addressed him the following official note of thanks.

United States Legation, Paris Sept. 21st, 1867.

MR. HECTOR FLORENCE VARELA :

My Dear Sir, I learn from the President of the Peace Congress that on the 11th inst. you repelled most eloquently and effectually, an unjust attack upon the people of the United States.

For this act of friendship I beg you to accept from me, as their representative, my sincere thanks, with the assurance that I am with great regard,

Very truly yours, JOHN A. DIX.

MR. HECTOR F. VARELA.

As this accomplished gentleman purposes visiting the United States, we give his noble speech in full. Our Citizens know too little of the eminent men of our Sister Republic of South America.

(*When Senor Varela rose to speak he was welcomed with loud applause.*) I thank you with all my Republican soul for the demonstrations of true sympathy with which you welcome me to this great tribune of liberty and democracy, but I confess that when I stand here where still resounds the harmonious echo of Edgard Quinet's inspired words, I tremble with emotion and diffidence. (*No! no! Speak on without fear.*) And do you know why? Because perhaps I am the only man of the many thousands who meet in this fine assembly, whom no one knows since the departure of my friend General Garibaldi. This circumstance, which puts me at such a disadvantage, would naturally inspire me with diffidence, and if I can conquer this in speaking in a Congress upon which are now bent the eyes of all Europe, it is not only because a just indignation overcomes it, but because at this moment I seem to stand in the bosom of my own family; looking upon each one of you as a brother in God, in liberty and in democracy. (*Tremendous and prolonged applause.*) And still more, citizens! Born on the shores of the La Plata, I am obliged to speak in a language that is not my own, hence the embarrassments I feel which has been shared by many German and Italian speakers, who have preceded me. (*Speak Spanish if you wish to.*)

Thanks, fellow citizens! But I will speak French, and I will not ask indulgence, for I know that one who goes into a democratic assembly, gives the right of applause or censure to those who listen to him, and I content myself with feeling that you will know how to excuse the faults I may

commit in another language than my own, and in which I am forced to improvise, in order to combat the blasphemies we have just heard. (*Long live the American ! Great Applause.*)

Fellow citizens ! The cry of angry indignation which burst forth in this hall, and the reprobation which has been manifested, while listening to the words of him who, calling himself a Republican, is a renegade to the immortal principles of Republicanism (*applause*), stimulated me to ascend this tribune. A powerful motive induces me to break the silence which otherwise I could not have had the courage to interrupt. I am an American, gentleman, and as the son of that continent in which we are all confounded as Republicans, and under the shadow of that banner to which a kind of instinctive solidarity binds us as with the sacred tie of family, and which imposes upon us the duty of aiding each other in good or evil fortune. I think it my duty to protest not only against the insults offered to the United States and the South American Republics, but against the gross ignorance of their history, their life, their institutions, and their manner of being, evinced by the gentleman I am now going to reply to, although I have not the honor of knowing him. (*Prolonged applause. Long live the Republic of the New World !*)

A VOICE. His name is Dupasquier. He is a well-known aristocrat.

SEÑOR VARELA. If my memory does not fail me, Señor Dupasquier (*Applauses*) said 1st, that the United States had carried on the most colossal war of modern times with the object of committing a crime, the abolition of slavery !

2d. That it was necessary that the Congress of Peace, in imitation of the United States, whose antecedents had so often been invoked in this assembly, should be consistent ; it must refuse to vote any declaration of principles as the programme indicated, since the United States had never made a declaration of principles !

3d. The Republicans of Spanish origin who so much blazon liberty, live in a full state of barbarism, and the people who dwell upon the Pampas as in the deserts of Africa, eat each other.

4th. That the expedition to Mexico was made because of the scandals of that nation.

5th. That it is a farce to pretend that the democrats and republicans are the only parties in Europe who ask for the abolition of standing armies, for all the governments, as well as their Parliaments, have the same desire.

Finally, Señor Dupasquier, in the worst speech that was ever read—whether in its form, or its matter, has protested against the declamation of the orators who had the floor before he had, allowing himself to add that no one had yet occupied himself with the real subject-matter of the programme.

I think, fellow citizens, that such is the essence, the substance, the résumé of the discourse which this justly indignant assembly has just listened to. (*Yes, yes, it is so.*)

Then, gentleman, in the name of true democracy, in the name of my outraged native country, of offended liberty, and of history unworthily falsified,

I combat him who, perhaps without intending it, has made an apology for despotism. (*Prolonged applause.*) Yes, the orator was right, the United States have astonished the world by that gigantic war in which through half the struggle and combat they were obliged to improvise everything, army, generals, squadrons, marines. The orator is right. There blood ran in torrents, thousands of men fell covered with the dust of battle, whole cities disappeared, devoured by flames; but these sacrifices of blood, men, money, all grand, sublime, worthy the country of Washington and Lincoln, had for their object the noblest conquest of modern times; the emancipation of the slaves! (*Applause interrupt the Speaker for several minutes.*) Slavery, which in modern times was never an institution in any part of the world, and least of all on the free territory of the United States, appeared like a stain of reproach on the starry banner of the great Republic. (*Applause.*) To wipe out this stain was the generous dream and the constant aspiration of those who, as citizens of a free people, felt humbled in the presence of that repulsive traffic in human flesh which converted some of our fellow mortals into beings without life, aspirations, liberty, consciousness of manhood, into submissive slaves often subjected to brutal treatment. (*Long and prolonged applause.*)

The work was not easy. To undertake it, that powerful, firm, decided and persistent resolution was needed, which is inspired by the duty of fulfilling a sacred mission; it needed also especial skill which might not provoke a separation in the great family brought on by the selfishness of those who, like Senor Dupasquier, maintained slavery to be an attribute of divinity. (*Stormy and enthusiastic applause.*)

M. DUPASQUIER. I did not say that slavery was an attribute of divinity.

MANY VOICES. Silence. Do not interrupt. Leave the floor to the American orator.

SEÑOR VARELA. Do not be troubled, fellow citizens. The interruptions will not stop me, nor make me lose sight of the object which has brought me to this tribune. I also am accustomed to the tempestuous struggles of great assemblies, for I, fellow citizens, am also the son of a Republic, where the light of liberty shines in all its purity upon the brow of its people. (*Applauses interrupt the orator for several minutes. A young Italian ascends the tribune and embraces him. Bravo! bravo!*) Besides, I did not say that he declared slavery an attribute of divinity, and consequently his interruption is as untimely as uncivil, to one who having American blood in his veins, has borne in silence one by one all the impertinences that he chose to utter upon the people who live and act on the other side of the ocean. (*Applause.*)

M. DUPASQUIER. I maintain what I have said. I am a republican, and as such, I have a right to speak freely in this country, which is my own. In my opinion, the abolition of slavery was a crime!

HERR SCHMIDT. Such infamy cannot be tolerated.

MANY VOICES. Out with the trafficker in human flesh.

SEÑOR VARELA. Now permit me, Senor Dupasquier, to ask you what matter is it if you do say that the abolition of slavery was a crime?

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## South America in Geneva Congress. 561

THE PRESIDENT. I repeat that this forum is free, completely free, that therefore every one can say precisely what he pleases. (*Bravo!*) Senor Varela may go on.

SEÑOR VARELA. I do not know a greater outrage to the Republic, nor a greater offence against immortal principles, than what we have just listened to. What! Is he a republican, who has the boldness to call by the name of crime, one of the greatest victories of modern times, one of the most splendid triumphs of regenerated humanity?

Cursed is the Republic which now predicates like some of the ancient philosophers, the inequality of castes! (*Stormy applause.*) Cursed is the Republic, if instead of joyfully welcoming the emancipation of four millions of men restored by a noble effort of democracy, it disowns its sacred work! (*Applause.*) Be logical then, and say that God is a highway robber, that virtue is vice, that evil is good, that honor is infamy. (*Stormy and prolonged applause. Great agitation in the hall.*) And do not say that I am too severe, or that I am carried away by the heat of unpremeditated speaking. No, fellow citizens! He who calls the humane deed of restoring a fellow being to his lost liberty, a crime, why can he not believe God is evil? (*Good!*) Why does not he, who calls emancipating slaves a crime, maintain that evil is good, and virtue a fury, under whose sacreligious wings no one ought to take refuge? (*Bravo! bravo!*) To this logical and fatal conclusion, this repulsive reasoning, pardon me for the term, are we led by the manner in which this orator has vilified the emancipation of the slaves of North America. (*Applause.*) Fortunately this is not the expression of democratic sentiment known to the world. (*Good!*) There as here, in America as in Europe, in my country as in yours, fellow citizens of the great Universal Republic, we have received as a common inheritance, the great, the eternal principles proclaimed in the face of the Universe by the French revolutionists in the midst of the thunders of the Convention, by those inspired friends of liberty, who, in 1789, made the famous declaration of the rights of man; and those principles teach us that slavery is a crime, that all men are equal before God and the law, and that no man has the right to treat another man as a slave, a poor and senseless beast. (*Long and loud applause. Agitation in the hall.*) Now then, if there is a republican existing, who looks upon the breaking of the chains of the slaves who were oppressed upon the plantations of the South, as a crime, that republican is a deserter from the Republic! (*Bravo! bravo! He is so, and if he is a deserter, he is not a Republican!*)

M. DUPASQUIER. This is a personal offence which cannot be tolerated from a man I do not know.

M. NAQUET. This is an indignity; no one asks a republican's passport or his baptismal faith on entering a Congress like this. He who is speaking has just made himself known to all, and to-morrow he will be known to all Europe. (*Stormy applause.*)

A VOICE AT THE LEFT. The American orator has spoken the truth, Dupasquier is a deserter from the Republic. (*Bravo! For several minutes great agitation in the hall.*)

THE PRESIDENT. I demand order, fellow citizens, order, and I respect the opinions of every speaker. If Senor Varela has concluded, I request him to say so.

SEÑOR VARELA. If Mr. President desires that I should descend from the forum, I will do so, although I should regret leaving unanswered many other points of M. Dupasquier's discourse, and above all that part which refers to Mexico and the other American Republics.

MANY VOICES. No, sir, do not descend from the tribune. Say all you wish to say. We wish to hear the young American.

THE PRESIDENT. I simply asked a question of the Speaker. In no way did I ask him to yield the floor; on the contrary, sharing the general feeling, I listen to him with the greatest interest. (*Applause.*)

SEÑOR VARELA. Thanks, Sir. I said in the beginning, that I believed myself in the midst of my family, and this splendid manifestation of sympathy indicates to me clearly that I was not mistaken. I will go on, then, since I am assured of the indulgence of the Congress. The thinking men of the American Union were quietly preparing the way for the day when they could lead the people to break the chains of slavery, when the Southern States raised the standard of rebellion, attacked the forts garrisoned by federal troops, and sacrilegiously breaking the bond of the Union, repudiated the authority of the government at Washington. What was the duty of President Lincoln, that just man, type of republican honor and virtue, whom martyrdom has immortalized in the eyes of posterity, as his works have immortalized him in the eyes of the present generation? (*Bravo.*) He could not, he ought not to hesitate. The Southern States broke the bond of the Union. The Southern States declared themselves in open rebellion. The Southern States repudiated his authority and declared war. The duty of President Lincoln was marked out by the constitution, by the glory of his nation, and by the interest of preserving the prestige of the Republican Union which so many interested European powers discredited. (*Applause.*)

M. EDGARD QUINET. That is true.

SEÑOR VARELA. In presence of these circumstances, he accepted the war which he had not provoked, but which the Slaveocrats had provoked. Where then is the object of oppression with which M. Dupasquier says the Northern States made war? Since the North did not kindle, but on the contrary accepted it, it was not the North that initiated the end for which it was about to fight. The struggle once begun, then the Northern States flung to the wind the banner of emancipation, and after the assault upon Fort Sumter and the Battle of Bull-Run, if my memory does not fail me, and if I do not confound names, the character of the contest was perfectly defined. On the one side were those who shed their blood to rivet more and more firmly the chains of slavery. On the other were those who generously marched to the sacrifice of battle, for the emancipation of the slaves. (*Prolonged and enthusiastic applause. For a few moments the orator could not go on.*) Such is the resumé in two words, of the history of this colossal war, in whose behalf President Lincoln, before descending to the tomb, showed

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himself to the eyes of the world holding in one hand the broken chains of four million slaves, and in the other the act of emancipation ! (*Prolonged applause.*) In the eyes of M. Dupasquier this was a crime. Blessed be the crimes, fellow citizens, which have for their basis the emancipation of slaves, and the liberty of our fellow men ! (*Prolonged applause. Edgard Quinet mounts the tribune and embraces the orator.*) We now come to what M. Dupasquier said upon the United States in regard to the declaration of principles. M. Dupasquier, revealing a complete ignorance of history, and of the affairs of the United States, said to this assembly that if it wishes to follow the example of that great nation, it must not vote the propositions of the programme under discussion, for these propositions imply a declaration of principles, and the United States have never declared their principles ! Is it not so, fellow citizens ?

MANY VOICES. Yes, yes, precisely so.

SEÑOR VARELA. Very well, gentleman, I do not understand how a man who presents himself in this assembly, with a head bleached with years,—it is important to observe this, for he must have had time enough to study all these great questions so interesting to Europe, and particularly those that relate to the theme and foundation of his discourse, tranquilly prepared in the silence of the closet, for he brought it here written, I do not understand, I say, how he could have the hardihood to say here in presence of many of the first men of Europe, that the United States have never made a declaration of principles. And to what do the United States owe the security of their liberty ? Precisely to the noble frankness, the ultimate conviction, the overwhelming faith with which they have made at every step the declaration of certain principles which form the basis of their system of government at home, and the general rule of their policy abroad. (*Prolonged applause.*) What was that but a solemn declaration of principles, which the Republic made when it emancipated itself from old England, in the morning of its independence ? What was it but a categorical declaration of principles to carry aloft the celebrated Monroe doctrine, a kind of barrier between the old monarchies of the old world, and the young Republics of South America ! (*Great applause.*) What else but a conclusive declaration of the principles which had guided American policy are those which the Washington Congress made when treason and conquest set up a foreign throne in the Mexican Republic ? What else but a frank and generous declaration of principles is that which the United States have just made in the very presence of Maximilian's yet warm corpse ? (*Enthusiastic and prolonged applause. Noise and agitation in the Hall.*) To preserve the Republican form of government, to live to the ideal of liberty, as Toqueville said, the United States have not needed, do not need those great standing armies which are a cancer that devours the heart of Europe. They do not need the needle gun, nor the Chassepot rifle ; it has been sufficient, and, it is still sufficient, to make declarations of principles which are supported by something stronger than bayonets, which are supported by public opinion. (*Tremendous applause. Long live the United States.*)

M. EDGARD QUINET. Glorious young tribune of American democracy!

SENOR VARELA. But I think, gentlemen, that I understand the object which M. Dupasquier proposes to himself in insisting so strenuously that the Congress make no declaration of principles, and since good luck has enabled me to enter upon the very point of the question which has brought together so many eminent men, I ask to be permitted to speak with entire frankness. (*Yes, yes, speak!*) All have been aware since last night that there have been certain active, intelligent, and persistent endeavors,—a deliberate intention to interfere with the purpose of this Congress.

M. DE FAZY. It is not so. (*Agitation.*)

SENOR VARELA. Yes sir. The language of certain speakers is, that the Republicans who come from other countries are abusing the hospitality of Switzerland, taking advantage of this forum to condemn various European governments. The protest of the Catholics against the speech of Garibaldi, which appeared this morning posted up at all the corners in Geneva; the language of the clerical organ of this city, and the new propositions presented to the Committee in place of those of the programme, show clearly and plainly to the senses, the existence of a premeditated plan, conceived, doubtless, on the other side of the frontier, which has for its object to make impossible the mission of this Congress. (*Prolonged applause.*) In what manner? By impeding the vote upon the *declaration of principles* contained in the programme. This is the true point at which M. Dupasquier's arrows are pointed. This is the reason why you are asked to make no *declaration of principles*.

MANY VOICES. He is right. The American has discovered the truth.

M. DE FAZY. Certainly, we Swiss, who enjoy perfect liberty, and are on good terms with our neighbors, do not wish for any declarations which may give provocation to any government. (*No! no! The Swiss do not think so. Great agitation.*)

PRESIDENT. I again invite the assembly to preserve the order of this debate. Senor Varela, go on with your speech.

M. DUPASQUIER. I protest against the preference which is given to this speaker, who is permitted to speak much longer than the time fixed by the programme.

SENOR VARELA. It is very singular. But of all the things this gentleman has said, the last one is the only one upon which I agree with him. M. Dupasquier is right. I am abusing the kindness of this assembly. Two words more, and I shall have done.

M. NAGUETT. No sir. Take as much time as you wish for. Go on. (*Applause.*)

A VOICE. Even if you speak half the night.

M. ACOLAS. We will listen to you till midnight, till to-morrow, if necessary, and the apostles of truth will take great pleasure in doing so.

M. BORKEIN, OF LONDON. We protest also against the premeditated interruptions of two persons, whose aim it is to cut off the speech of the American speaker. In the name of the English Committee, which I rep-

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resent, I ask that the President may make the liberty of the gentleman in the forum respected. (*Prolonged applause.*)

PRESIDENT. If this great agitation continues, I shall have to suspend the Session.

SENOR VARELA. By no means, Mr. President. That is the wish of those who have just revealed their sentiments. If the Congress does not wish to be frustrated, it must not consent to end its labors till the vote has been taken upon the propositions of the programme. (*Prolonged and enthusiastic applause.*) It is not enough that more or less enthusiastic discourses have been pronounced, that those who do not enjoy liberty in their own country, have taken advantage of the hospitality of this, to give expression to their sentiments long suppressed; it is not enough to have protested against certain iniquities and against the existence of standing armies in Europe. (*Good! good!*) It is necessary to give to these discourses, to these manifestations of democratic opinion, a practical form. Do you know how to do it, fellow citizens? By voting the programme. (*Great acclamations in the hall, vivas and prolonged applause.*) Without this, these sessions would close, covered with the greatest ridicule, and those who are laboring to perpetuate the reign of oppression by stifling in the cradle the fruitful germ of all liberty, will hail as the triumph of their ideas, their opinions and their desires, the rout of those of the democracy which has convoked the great Congress of Peace. From the democrats of various parts of Europe, no complicity in such an attempt can be expected. It would be equivalent to confirming their own sentence of death. (*That is certain.*) Shall it be expected of you, Swiss, sons of the Republic, soldiers of democracy, apostles of law and liberty? (*Enthusiastic applause.*) Ah no! Permit me, the humblest member of this Congress, the greatest stranger here to all, who have the least authority to direct you, permit me to invite you to put your intelligence and your hearts at the service of those other brethren, who, proscribed, without country or fire-side, and with no other arms but their breath and their hopes, purpose to initiate a crusade, whose first victory shall be the voting of the programme under discussion. (*Prolonged applause.*)

M. FAZY. I ask for the floor.

PRESIDENT. You shall have it after the speakers whose names are on the list.

SENOR VARELA. What surprises me most, is the plan of campaign, skillfully concerted by those who are laboring to break up the Congress, gaining thereby a victory over the generous aspirations of the European democracy, and the want of logic with which they proceed, and above all, the false consequences which they reap out of their reasonings. They say that the desire to abolish standing armies, is the desire of all minds, as well in despotic governments as in democratic ones. If this is the case, what inconvenience is there in voting the declarations proposed by the Committee? (*Applause.*) What harm is there in repeating what, according to the opponents, all desire with equal ardor? (*Bravos.*) If the Em-

peror Napoleon, for example, and we go to the foundation, using no cloaked words—if he desired, like his people, the abolition of that colossal army, which snatches so many arms from industry, which tears so many an honored father from the tranquil family hearth, how could he take as direct hostility to himself the declaration of the Congress of Peace? (*Prolonged applause.*) Would it fret him because they should approve of it just as he does himself? But these are things which are not to be said, which cannot be said, in presence of an assembly like this. (*Applause.*) No! certainly not. If the democracy is actually laboring for the abolition of standing armies, which impose such great, such painful, such bloody sacrifices, upon European nations, the dynastic governments, not counting upon the potent support of public opinion, need the material force of bayonets for their maintainance, and think very differently from the democracy. They do not wish for the abolition of the armies. If this were not so, how can we account for the existence of standing armies? If they desired their abolition as men like Tazy and Dupasquier say they do, why, instead of diminishing their armies, do they add to them, hour by hour, day by day? (*Prolonged applause.*) It is because they do not wish for their abolition, fellow citizens. It is because they are conscious of their own impotence. It is because, that on the day when they shall not have these great armies for their support, their thrones, their monarchies, their governments, will fall to the ground, scattered by the wild breath of their oppressed peoples. (*Enthusiastic and stormy applause.*) Do you doubt it? Disarm the Emperor of Russia, and the next day you would see rising from the sepulchre in which it lies, ground down by every martyrdom, unhappy Poland, demanding an account from its eternal hangmen. (*Applause.*)

MR. BAKKUKINE, (A RUSSIAN POLITICAL EXILE.) Hail to the American orator, hail!

SENOR VARELA. Disarm the army which the king of Italy holds, and the next day you would see the hero of the Italian epic, the valiant soldier, who sat at the foot of this forum yesterday, raised triumphantly in the arms of a redeemed people, to plant the banner of the Republic upon the Capitol of Rome! (*Prolonged applause.*) Snatch their arms from the army that now supports Isabel the II., and with the dawn of the next day you would see thousands of patriots who groan in the fortresses of Ceuta, of Fernando Po, and the Phillippines, returning to the bosom of their country. (*Bravo!*) Disarm it, and you would see the Bourbons disappear from that classic ground of liberty, and also the scaffold decreed by Narvaez as a new institution of his political system; you would see disappear the councils of permanent war, the bit that holds the press dumb, the tyranny which condemns to death distinguished writers and advocates, the tyranny, in short, which, reducing the party of Spanish liberty to powerlessness, humbles that great people in the eyes of the world. (*Frantic applause.*) I repeat it, those governments do not desire, nor can they desire the disappearance of standing armies, and the wretched democracy which thus comprehends it, prevents its apostles from voting for a programme which, if it cannot imme-

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diately remedy the evil, will at least serve as an eloquent protest against those colossal armaments which are made with the blood and the sweat of the nations. (*Prolonged applause.*) And do not think I delude myself about the event of this Congress. Let me be frank — indeed you load me with many proofs of your kindness, although I am unknown to you, and find myself here as one of the soldiers of the democracy who are lost in the world of the Republic. (*Applause.*) The idea of peace is great, fruitful, sublime, but this peace which you seek, fellow citizens, you will not find until liberty triumphs in all Europe, until there cease to be oppressors or oppressed, until the despots fall from their thrones of blood; despots who now smother on the lips of their people the prayer for justice, torn from them from time to time by the martyrdoms under which they live; until Poland shakes off the bloody shroud that has enveloped it for ages; until Russia loses her preponderance in the East; until Rome, the ancient and proud mistress of the world, is the capital of beautiful Italy; until Spain raises herself from the abasement imposed by a fanatic priesthood and a military aristocracy, which are suffocating every right, every justice, every liberty; till Prussia is definitively constructed; till France, in short, preaches anew the great, the immortal principles of its glorious revolution. (*Prolonged and stormy applause.*) When this comes to pass, the day of peace will dawn for which you now sigh. I am weary, sir; I desire to conclude as much for my own sake as for yours, whose kindness I have abused too long; but I yet have to make a defence of the continent on which I was born, so violently attacked by M. Dupasquier.

MANY VOICES. Yes, yes, speak; we listen to you with pleasure.

PRESIDENT. I ask Senor Varela to be as short as he can.

SEÑOR VARELA. I will do so, sir, although Mr. President must understand that what most interests me at this moment, indeed, what has conceded me the floor in presence of so great an assembly of free men, is the defence of American Republics, and particularly those of the river La Plata, against the iniquities which ignorance or bad faith have charged them with. But I will be brief. Embracing all the people of Spanish race, the least that M. Dupasquier has said of them is, 1st, that the Republics live in full barbarism. 2d, that in some of them the inhabitants *eat each other*. By dint of being ridiculous, these two charges lose the character of veritable infamy, or they would otherwise have —

M. DUPASQUIER. Do not insult me, because you will have to give me an explanation for your insults.

SEÑOR VARELA. How! do you think you have the right to call me a *barbarian*, degrading me to the category of an *anthro pophagus*, and are indignant that I characterize such conceptions as *infamous*? Let me go on. Do not interrupt me again. In regard to explanations, believe me, sir, I will give you all you wish for, and wherever you may choose. (*Prolonged applause.*) I go on. However great may be the ignorance of Europe with regard to the situation of the American Republics, their geography, their customs, their civilization, their forms of government, and their political and economical legislation, I believe that never in a Congress like this,

whence the echo of the words I speak will resound over the whole earth, can there exist a man who will have the audacity to say that the Republics of Spanish origin *live in open barbarism*; and I am such a friend to interruptions, M. Dupasquier, that I challenge you to say to me in presence of this great tribunal, which listened to us, what fact, what date have you, from which to say *we live in open barbarism*? I listen. (*The speaker waits a moment in the midst of stormy applause.*) Ah! you are silent. You are right, for calumnies can never be supported, and, because in insulting our young and beloved America, that great tabernacle reared by the hand of God in the midst of space, for the shelter of free men, you never thought that an American, brought here by the hand of chance, could rise to confound you, not only picking up the gauntlet which you imprudently threw at his country, but showing your complete ignorance of American questions. (*Prolonged applause.*) I will speak cursorily of the Republics of the La Plata alone, in order not to abuse for a longer time the indulgence of this great assembly; justifying the great Juarez in parting from the imputations which have been cast upon him. (*Applause.*) If there is any free country in the world, fellow citizens, that country is in Spanish America, that country is the Rio de La Plata. Do you know what we barbarians have done in those two Republics? Listen. We have humbled the pretension of despotic power, and there we educate all men in the sentiment of true democracy; we have neither privileged classes, nor insolent aristocracies, nor bloody dictatorships, nor omnipotent autocrats, who dispose of the wealth of the people to provide for half a dozen servile courtiers who live prostrate at the feet of their masters. (*Applause.*) Do you know what is the mode of life of those *barbarians who eat each other*? Peace being re-established after the civil struggles which divided us, we made a constitution which serves as common law to the inhabitants. And do you know what that constitution establishes?

1. Religious Toleration.
2. Liberty of Conscience, the most precious of all Liberties.
3. The Liberty of Industry.
4. The Liberty of the Press.
5. The Liberty of Assembling.
6. Universal Suffrage.
7. Liberty of Commerce.

Are these constitutions the last expressions of barbarism? (*Long live the American Republics!*) There, in the midst of those *barbarians*, who eat each other, we have a liberal and free commercial legislation, whose parallel is not possessed by a single European nation. There we do not have those enormous government taxes, those tremendous imposts which weigh here upon the shoulders of the people, always ground down under the load of contributions which make the extinction of pauperism impossible. There, in those savage countries, we have an enormous foreign population, increasing every day, every hour, and which, on bringing us the beautiful contingent of their labor, receive in exchange the pleased hospitality which opens to them a soft and grateful climate, where the foreigner enjoys all

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the advantage afforded by the nature of the country, without having to bear any of its burdens. Must these people be *very barbarous* who act thus? (*Prolonged applause.*) There, where, according to Dupasquier, *we eat one another*, our carnivorous appetite has not been so great that we have not left a few men living who have endowed the Republics of the La Plata with railroads, electric-telegraphs, custom houses, wharves, great edifices, worthy of the best European capitals, with theatres, of which there are no better at this day for size and beauty in Paris itself, theatres upon whose proscenium, in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, the *barbarians* of those cities have had the bad taste of listening to Tamberlieh, la Gres, la Grange, and Thalberg. (*Vivid and prolonged applause. Murmurs in various parts of the hall.*) Thus live those savages of Spanish America. There we do not see at every step, as here, those moving contrasts which the opulence of some, and the fearful misery of others, continually offer; and the stranger who arrives unexpectedly at our shores, without friends and without resources, finds, as soon as he steps upon the soil of Spanish America an *asylum for immigrants*, which entertains him at the expense of the government; he sees faces which smile upon him, and what is more valuable still to him, work; work which is never failing, which cannot fail among a people who feel in their whole being the vitality of a new civilization, and who work on in a vertigo of progress, which, in a few years, has made them realize conquests and advances in their moral and material life, which astonish those who are acquainted with these countries. (*Applause.*)

M. DUPASQUIER. If you are going to give us the history of Spanish America since its discovery, it would be well to let us go and bring our beds. (*Interruptions.*)

SEÑOR VARELA. No one could need the instruction more than yourself, sir, for I believe that you are the only man in Europe, of medium education, who has had the audacity to say that "the abolition of Slavery in North America was a crime," and that "the Republics of South America live in open barbarism and eat each other!" (*Good! good!*) If it had not been for these words I should not have ascended the tribune, nor have mortified you as much as I seem to have done.

M. ACOLAS. Ah no! he does not deserve to have heard the discourse we have listened to; but yet we must thank him for it. If you are not very much fatigued, we should like to hear some data about the Spanish American Republics.

SEÑOR VARELA. I will be brief, for I repeat that I am very weary. The commerce which the Republics of Spanish America carry on with Europe amounts to one thousand million francs per year. The value of the merchandise introduced into the market of the La Plata alone, amounted in 1865, to 180,000,000 francs, which shows an increase of twenty per cent. over the same values of the year preceding. On both margins of the La Plata, there are of the Italians, French, and Spanish alone, not less than one hundred and forty thousand.

Would all these men go there, who have the liberty of worshipping the God who made them in the way they wish, who make rapid fortunes, shel-

tered by the great riches of the country, who have thousands of schools paid for by the state, where they give education to tender childhood, who can, as they cannot in the United States, acquire land and make themselves proprietors, — I ask, would they all go there if these were nations of *barbarians who eat each other*, as M. Dupasquier has said?

SENOR CENERI, (AN ITALIAN.) Do not judge Europeans by what that Jesuit has said. We all know that America is the second country of free men. (*Good!*)

SENOR VARELA. Oh yes, I am aware of that, and if I have entered into these details, it is because that, as an American, I could not consent to hear my country outraged, my country, which is all America, without defending it against the infamies which they tried to heap upon its lofty brow. (*Prolonged applause.*) One word upon Mexico, and I have done. The gentleman whom I answer, said that the expedition to Mexico was provoked by the scandals of that nation. If there is any question now known in all its details, by the light of truth, it is precisely the Mexican question, and if it could have been a mystery to any one yesterday, to-day all the world knows that the expedition to Mexico had iniquity for its basis; an iniquity, which, like all great iniquities, has punished its authors. Mexico was a sovereign and independent Republic. By what right did any one go to impose a new form of government upon it, and what is more, a form of government which was condemned by it forever, when it emancipated itself from the Metropolis?

That expedition, which has been the death blow to the empire of Napoleon, which violated all the principles proclaimed by himself as a basis of his policy of non-intervention, which was initiated and carried through against the will of the great French people, who would not make itself the accomplice of such a giant wrong; that expedition had for its true object: 1st, To found a monarchy right before the face of the United States, with the hope of weakening the ever increasing power of that great people. 2d, To protect the collection of an iniquitous and imaginary debt, incurred by the Jew, Gecker, by a man who was not even a Frenchman. (*Prolonged applause.*)

To realize this undertaking, Napoleon sent to Mexico an army of fifty thousand men, and a foreign monarch destined to occupy the old throne of Iturbide.

In four years, after a great colossal, homeric struggle, in which Juarez has immortalized himself in the eyes of history, taking his place by the side of the great captains of the world, the French soldiers returned to their quarters with their flags reversed, not to sing the legend of their victory, but to pay the funeral honors to Maximilian, whose head had been thrown at the Palace of the Tuilleries by the powerful hand of the Republic, at the same time that his distracted wife inspires compassion in those who brought about the catastrophe of this terrible drama. (*Frantic applause. The agitation lasted some moments.*)

I conclude, fellow citizens! In a few moments I shall part from you, perhaps never to meet again, but wherever the wave of destiny shall waft

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me, I shall always carry in my heart a pulsation of enthusiasm for this free and hospitable land, a pulsation of gratitude to all of you who have welcomed as a brother the pilgrim of American democracy and an ardent prayer for all the oppressed of the earth who await the hour of redemption and liberty. (*Prolonged and enthusiastic applause. A multitude of persons ascend the tribune, and carry the orator in their arms into the street, in the midst of great acclamations.*)

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MONTAIGNE.

MONTAIGNE comes in for a good share of the scholar's regard, and if he wear sometimes a cynical and scolding mood, he tells the secrets of common hearts, which none can afford to spare. Opened anywhere, his page is sensible, marrowy, quotable. He may be taken up too, and laid aside carelessly without loss, so inconsequent is his method, and he so careless of his wealth. Professing nature and honesty of speech, his page has the suggestions of the landscape, is good for striking out in any direction, suited to any mood, sure of yielding variety of information, wit, entertainment, — not to be commanded, to be sure, without grave abatements to be read with good things growing side by side with things not such and tasting of the apple. Still with every abatement, his book is one of the ripest and mellowest, and, bulky as it is, we wish there were more of it. He seems almost the only author whose success warrants in every stroke of his pen his right to guide it: he of the men of letters, the prince of letters. Since writing of life, he omits nothing of its substance, writing all with a courage unprecedented. His frankness is delightfully instructive to the student of the heart. So his book has indescribable attractions to the natural man, being as it were a Private Book, — his diary edited by himself, and offered with an honesty that wins his readers, he never having done bestowing his opulent hospitalities on him, gossiping sagely, and casting his wisdom in sport to any who care for it. Everywhere his page is alive and rewarding, and we are disappointed at finding his book comes to an end like other books.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

## NOTES.

### HUMANITY VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.

CHRISTIANITY to-day represents only a wornout theological system. A Christian is one who believes in a spiritual monarchy. Perhaps it is wrong to say *spiritual*; the reign of the monarch is really *political*, though he have in charge what are termed the spiritual interests of his subjects. Here again, I should substitute another word for spiritual. What word but *temporal* conveys the idea of Christendom?

In its most liberal interpretations Christianity must revolve about its fetish. For there can be no Christianity without the Christ. Such a system is not a fixture in nature. It ends with an epoch. It can be outgrown. It ceases in the due experience of the race to be valued as the best method. Christianity fails of being the permanent system in this respect. Its life and authority have become a tradition. In the numerous controversies of the time but little else is contended for. Whatever is vital to the growth of society is now seen to belong to human nature as a part of its original force. We discover that there is a natural process of development. The sentiment which fosters this is a sentiment of Humanity.

Hence we say Humanity versus Christianity.

Humanity is universal. It is equality, unity, liberty, reason, progress, peace.

Christianity is partial. It is aristocratic, limited in its development, slavish, at war with the free expansion of the human mind.

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### "GO" VERSUS "COME."

THE Jews looked for a political Christ, and none other. It is said that Jesus shifted his claims for being the Christ to higher ground, and fulfilled their expectation in a better sense. He ascended the throne as king inaugurating a spiritual reign. But a Spiritual King is an impossibility. The two ideas stand apart, opposite and opposed. There remains a yet higher ground to which the King-idea cannot be carried. The

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spiritual system excludes it. To spiritualize the Jewish notion it was necessary to drop the assumption of individual authority. Jesus might teach moral laws, but must recognize the freedom of others to make their appeal to reason. He could not be King. He could not be the Christ. He must say "Go," and not "Come." He must point away from himself.

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THE SAME HUMANITY.

IN his simple enunciations of brotherhood Jesus bore no testimony to the claim that he was more than a man among men. The beauty of his life consists in the triumph he achieved in his own experience for the *spiritual* idea as opposed to the *temporal*. But that he passed the ordeal with no short-comings, is by no means certain; nor, does it matter. He lived in the ideal so persistently that he took upon himself its bounties and protections. Yet he died when a young man. How he had succeeded had his life been prolonged is a question which cannot be answered. Enough that the memory we have of him is that he died gloriously. But why may not the same be said of others? Comparisons are invidious. Yet if it be necessary to make them in order to vindicate universal humanity from the slur cast upon it by the claim of the unapproachable splendor of one man's life, then may we well instance the life and death of John Brown of America. The halo of centuries has not gathered around his brow as he hangs there on the gallows. But who shall, when he has laid down his prejudices, find aught that was sublime in the cross not paralleled here! Did the people of Judea see more than the people of America? Not more; probably, not as much. Brown's whole life was a struggle in behalf of the ideal; a daily endeavor to achieve what the world lacking heart and faith believed impossible. Mad indeed, to go into Virginia with *pikes*! But it mattered not if he had carried staves. His real weapons were never in his hands. I think his bearing in court, his life in prison, fall nothing behind those scenes which have made Judea seem as holy land.

I do not forget those who accompanied Brown into Virginia. They share with him the common glory:

I do not forget the humblest soldier who bore his heart into the bloody struggles that followed:

I do not forget the great world of man in all ages and countries, partaking of the same high sentiment :

It is everywhere and in all times the same humanity ; lapsing, suffering, repenting, redeeming itself, triumphing !

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#### HERO-WORSHIP.

I HAVE two friends whom I am at liberty here to introduce and use to what extent I please, in furthering any honest purpose.

Their names are Justin and Mark.

Justin, I grieve — or should did I allow myself that sort of pleasure — to say, has not yet recovered from his first reading of Mr. Carlyle's book of "Heroes."

Mark has been more fortunate. There are those who would regard him as a person of considerable wit, possessing possibly ideal tendencies, though as yet having attained but a moderate degree of culture. He himself thinks that they — this class to whom I refer — are apt to cut the thing too fine. He prefers a certain roughness to what he calls 'the visible finish,' which in its shine and smoothness acts as an opiate to all humanitarian impulses. That he 'can't go.' Nature, he insists, will do what smoothing is proper if we only strive for the right temper and best of material. Such is his theory. His practice is more or less consistent ; yet as other people are, so is he sometimes at fault. I have to say further, he has a *hobby*, namely : *Anti-hero-worship*. It is when he is riding this hobby, if ever, I think, that he waxes *rough*. Here again, he is very much like other people. Exercise, practice in any given direction, adds muscle, and muscle adds vim, and *vim* it is difficult to always keep under proper restraint. Mark says that he disengaged himself from Mr. Carlyle's influence in *precisely six months*.

I must add that Justin finds his hobby, by dropping the "Anti" which Mark has prefixed to the word "Hero." He is as devout and impetuous a *Hero-worshipper* (in theory) as ever lived.

It thus happens that these two young gentlemen often become engaged in exciting encounters, and as they frequently

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meet in my own private study, I have the full edification and profit of their respective intelligence and enthusiasm.

I find that Justin never permits Mark to proceed far with his argument opposing hero-worship, without interrupting him with what Mark regards as a mean stump speech thrust into the very bowels of his own calm and loftier discourse, but which he (Justin) believes to be only a few pertinent and pointed suggestions on the *practical* side of the question. In his own argument Justin is in the habit of not paying the least regard to what his opponent has proved ; for, he says, that to him is of little consequence. His mind is made up. His business is rather to persuade than be himself persuaded. He argues "on facts." The facts are so, or so : can you escape from them ? No Sir ! The facts are always as he states them. The proper place for him to use Mark's "Anti," is before the words "contrary conviction."

There is a certain pleasure in meeting with one so resolute and positive as Justin, one who, having once started, is never to be jostled off the track. It is an admirable trait in any character, and not to be despised. But, sometimes one does grow weary of the thing if it is insisted on so stoutly, even when he has conceived it to be an absolute good. I confess that I share to some extent the impatience of the Athenian who would vote to banish Aristides, There are both wit and wisdom in the household proverb that *too much* of a good thing is worse than nothing.

But to the *point*—as Justin would say.

One afternoon Mark was stirred into a passion, and cut Justin short in the very middle of his speech with an expression I shall not here repeat. He fairly drove him from the house, Following him to the door, he redoubled his blows, ending off as follows : "This hero-worship in which you invest your entire stock of hope for the race, is, in *my* opinion, the great stumbling block in every individual's path. It establishes a species of slavery that cries aloud, yea, moans most pitiously, for another abolition crusade. And let me remind you : your great Attorney who, in times past smote his times so ruthlessly, and ejaculated, "Find me the true *Konning*, King, or Able-man, and he has a divine right over me," finding none

to search *for* him, went himself on the errand, and now see where he bows and tugs at his worship; hoisting that savage old Frederick on a pedestal of glory, and covering with his gold dollars those blood-stains on Eyer of Jamaica! *That* is where it leads" — "Pooh!" exclaimed Justin, and departed.

I confess that I felt at the time that Mark could have done better than intimate that we must necessarily choose poor or bad heroes to worship; and Justin's "Pooh," implied he thought as much.

Some days after the above incident had occurred, Mark called upon me again, and the conversation turning in that direction, he went on, by my encouraging him to do so, to make the following remarks which I do not hesitate to lay before the reader with approval.

"I urge that the time has arrived when the idea of heroes and hero-worship needs a thorough overhauling. In this country, especially, we want to get at the real springs of Character, and our problem is to settle where the true allegiance lies. Not to kings, not to nobles, not to heroes, not to men, do we yield our fealty, but to laws. Such is the only basis of a democratic society.

"The defence for hero-worship appears to be that, it is a necessity of human nature. To oppose it is to quarrel with human nature. We naturally worship great men, if we are in good condition, and are vastly benefited as a consequence. I reply, it is common to clothe with the dignity of human nature that which is rather human *weakness*, or folly. Human nature can be represented only by man's whole being; his maturity and strength. It should be seen to have so complete a range onwards and upwards that nothing is expected to limit or prevent its progressive movements. I do *not* quarrel with human nature, but with its assumed limitations and weaknesses. What is asserted to be its natural development, is only the fraction, one part, an *arrested* development. I *do* propose to quarrel with that. I assert in behalf of mankind more than your petty claims allows. In Charles Reade's story, Mercy Vint says, 'Speak for yourself, dame for I hate you not.' Unbelieving Mrs. Gaunt replies, 'Human nature is human nature. I *know* that you hate me.' Mercy answers her, 'But grace is

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grace.' Mrs. Gaunt knows as yet of but one side of human nature, and that the lowest ; but she is confident that her past experience has exhausted its possibilities and resources. While Mercy Vint has found a new experience, a second part, a higher ; yet one to her, even, so strange and unlike the other, she at once concedes that it is not nature, but something else her religion had taught her to call 'Grace.' But was Mercy's *grace* not as much the property of human nature as Mrs. Gaunt's devil-passion—*hate*? She had 'worn out,' *her* hate, and cast it away. Was she no longer human from that time forth? I trow, that smacks of infidelity. I am not ready, for one, to clothe human nature with weakness, immaturity, and hate alone. I set no bounds in the opposite direction. It is as natural, *more* natural for man to love than to hate, though it may be less common. It is an attribute of human nature developed later, but as real as any. The same is true of self-reliance. Man is not less man and more of something else as this reliant nature is developed, but more man and *less* of somewhat else. It is his nature carried on towards its perfection. It is human nature with its *limitations* worn out and cast away.

"Thus I dispose of the objections to my claim, drawn from the 'Constitution of Human Nature,' (as Justin writes it in flaming capitals,) by affirming that the aforesaid 'Constitution' is a model of its kind, progressive, containing ample provision for its own *amendment*. Will Justin comprehend that? I trow not. I notice that these lucky provisions for amendment are seldom quoted in his category of *facts*. The Ideal, he says, is no fact ; it is only a 'perhaps,' or a stray beam of 'moonshine.' He takes the 'fact,' about human nature and works with that ; argues that human nature was not made subject to amendment, but in the working of its constitution remains the same forever. To his supreme disgust, I affirm that, the *real* fact the universe contains is the IDEAL. It alone is absolute and permanent. What he perceives are the transitory aspects, appearances of nature. He relies on her short-comings as though they were her full out-comings ; and frames a policy accordingly. If he could but prevail with his solid opinions, I venture, he would wreck the universe within a fortnight. He says, 'I build with what I know, with what I see, and not on a guess.' But

what a builder is he! Facts! Why, he discards at the outset the prime fact of *Imagination*. To be consistent, he should dash out his brains against a bowlder, that he might see them and *know* that no fantastic imagination was playing through them.

"But, he is only a poor defender even of himself. He parades his limitations, He is greater than he himself suspects. Smile as much as you please; I insist — he is!

"Now I affirm that the spirit of hero-worship is but transient. It arises from the weakness of such as are dazzled by the splendor of some strong, heroic person; who cannot as yet make their appeal to a more bountiful nature. All my faith prays that this shall be outgrown. I see no future for this land worth hailing with the least breath of enthusiasm that does not covenant for such an emancipation!

"That nature does not ordain hero-worship to be a thing that cannot be out-grown, worn out, cast away, and left behind, is conceded in the conditions which make such worship at all possible; these out of their own mouths condemn the worshipper and exalt the hero. They require that certain souls abandon the practice. The worshipper demands that his hero have among men none greater than himself. If he discover the contrary, he begins a transfer of his allegiance at once to one who is greater. So Aprobos in the legend, fought in the army of Satan till he saw his hero pass tremblingly a cross by the roadside; thenceforth he followed the hero of the cross. The hero must not seem to worship or fear. He must appear as King among men, chief, in some direction or way, of all the sons of earth. Every heroic person in history, every heroic man with no fame outside his own neighborhood or within the limits of his dozen worshippers, is of this sort. While he bounds their horizon, illumines it with his thoughts and the glory of his deeds, he colors, and shapes their dependent lives.

'They unto him for virtue cling,  
He is their stock of wit,  
From him take tapers lit  
And march to make the welkin ring.'

"And they *should*! It is all they *can* do,' cries Justin. He then proceeds to take me to task for not seeing that humanity is not *practically* represented by the few, exceptional, original per-

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sons whom God has alone permitted to have a first sight at things ; to look with their own eyes, see clear and be strong. He waives his hand in the direction of the crowd : ' There,' he exclaims, ' is human nature practically considered. What do you propose for the masses there ? ' And he goes on to explain with a rattle-brained zeal that the only hope for these trillions of human beings lies in the fact that there is implanted in their natures a disposition to reverence and worship heroic men and women. ' These very persons,' he says, ' who have been allowed a first sight at things, God has sent into the world to teach and lead the innumerable perishing creatures who have not and *never can* have, on this round earth at least, a first sight, an original sight. They must be told, they must be led, they must take things on trust. Now to seek to break down the remaining sentiment of reverence, of worship, which the masses of people have for their guides, and which in these times is not strong at best, what do you do ? Why, you wreck our civilization ; engulf all that is lovely, progressive and noble in a sea of ignorance, and blind passion ! '

" Now I protest that I am not seeking to do any such thing as this last named, and no such catastrophe could ensue. No ' wreck,' no ' sea of ignorance,' no ' blind passion,' is in the programme I try to sketch as the order of nature, when hero-worship drops out. But the fears of Justin admonish me that he really does not see what is to come, and proves what I knew before, his faith in Human Nature is not as much as a grain of mustard seed. Instead of being the friend of the masses he insults human nature in their behalf. Out upon such dealing ! "

" I have asserted that human nature as it passes on towards its maturity, rises from its attitudes of worship, and natively puts on an integrity and strength of character which all men agree to call heroic ; that it is these mature beings whom the worshippers select as alone adorable ; and that the dignity of human nature is in such persons alone represented. It strikes me that the race which can agree that such is the highest presentation of its own manhood, gives a pledge in so doing, of its own possible future. It allies itself by worship to the heroic and claims it because it is itself made of the same stuff. Why fear an evil will befall the masses if they are told that they too

may fall back upon that reserved force of God within them which the hero marshals to every encounter? Fear! I tremble if at all only before this great blinded population that can be swayed and led oftentimes by the hero of the hour — dare-devil from some of the hells — into committing blackest crimes. Perish the mass! say I; live the man! I hail the time when this interminable linking and binding of men together with ropes of ignorance and cords of custom is done with; when the Hindoo text, "Alone thou wast born, and alone thou shalt go up to judgment," is heeded! For then shall mankind part to find each his own place and power, meeting again with increased respect and deeper love!"

Here Mark paused for a moment, pacing to and fro the length of the room; then suddenly turned, and said: "Now, shall I go home and re-echo these sentiments alone to the bare walls of my twelve by sixteen little room, for fear *the people* if I do not thus shut myself up, will catch a lisp, and straightway go to the devil?" I was about to speak, after a moment's silence, when he, picking up his hat, added, "But, I am off, having blown my trumpet, and bored you enough. But, by *jingo*! I mean what I say, and I intend to stick."

Upon this I quietly expressed the pleasure I had had in his call, and invited him to repeat it soon. There were some points on my mind to speak with him of, and I suggested that when he came again he should develop more thoroughly his idea of *help*. This topic would introduce a consideration of the *methods of education*. A few other seemingly wise and profound sentences I introduced in my brief speech, which had the same effect upon him that I have often experienced after ranting somewhat to another myself, he seemed to suspect that I had got into the subject farther than he had, after all. I was a trifle too proud at the time to seem more than tolerably interested. We all have our little weaknesses and jealousies.

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## Notes.

### THE DEACON'S ERRATUM.

PREFESSER, off my pen it slipp'd,  
In haste to make a sort o' 'Script,  
Thet 'Lijah got the childern gripp'd.  
On ev'ry han'  
Now comes the cry,—“Your hist'ry tripp'd!  
Please understan’

“T wuz 'Lisha angry looked an' cus'd 'em,  
In same Lord's name thet bore an' nus'd 'em.”  
Wal, some hev laughed enough to bust 'em  
Fer thet *wee* blunder;  
An' sech, sence I can't just ajest 'em,  
Can laugh an' wunder.

But you, Sir, hev a right to know  
Thet wen I set it down ez so,  
I felt a *least* bit squeamish O;  
But bein' boun'  
*Idee* should hev a fust rate show,  
An' make a soun',

I did n't take particlar pains  
To brighten up on Scripter reigns.  
A Deacon old gits tired, an' 'frains  
Frum Bible readin';  
Takes more to his own nat'ral brains,  
An' parson's feedin'.

But I don't see it makes grate odds,  
Fer peas air peas though in bean-pods.  
Its wut *Idee* looks out an' nods  
Fer reverence:  
Ef thet be wisdum o' the gods,  
Wut matter wence?

It stuck to me ez to a bruther,  
To tell myself precisely wuther  
The childern *knowed* it wuz their Father  
Sed frum the sky  
Thet they, all forty o' em together,  
By bears must die.

## BOOK NOTICES.

**THE CULTURE DEMANDED BY MODERN LIFE ; A Series of Addresses and Arguments on the Claims of Scientific Education. With an Introduction on Mental Discipline in Education. By E. L. YOUMANS. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 & 445 Broadway. 1867. pp. 473.**

No book can of itself work a revolution ; but a book may mark an epoch ; and such a book is the product of revolution. Bacon's *Novum Organum*, Newton's *Principia*, Comte's *Positive Philosophy* have been books of this class. They indicated and assisted revolution ; even the *Principia* did not create it, for Descartes had already protested against the sympathetic, the anthropomorphic qualities of natural phenomena. Revolutions are not made, they grow. The beginnings are small, they gradually enlarge, and become more diversified in activity and range, till finally, we have the full grown product.

No organized interest allows itself to be crippled or superceded without a struggle. Vanity and pride, personal consequence, habit, even "bread and butter," all conspire to give it tenacity of life, even when the time has come for it to die.

The old classical system of education does not meet the modern demand. What was adequate two hundred years ago, is not adequate now. The great body of science has been evolved in comparatively modern times ; and it is but just to the young, that they should receive in the course of their educational discipline, the benefit of what has been at once the glory of the intellect, and the animus of civilization. But the abettors of the old system absolutely refuse to concede the claim of merit to any educational course but their own. The literature of the country is to a very great extent, under the control of this interest, and the development of public opinion favorable to a change, is in consequence retarded. The theological interest in having control of our great schools, reaches all the sources of national opinion, and through its special prerogative of taking care of the public conscience, is greatly in the way of a more general recognition of the educational value of science.

Nevertheless, the opinion that the sciences should have an important place in the curriculum of our great schools, both for their utility in life, and for their value in discipline, is gradually gaining ground among those who control the educational movement. The lower-grade schools are so generally intended to be preparatory to the higher, that the character of the latter determine the character of the former, to a great extent, yet not wholly. Where the course of studies is discretionary, elementary instruction in some of the sciences is more apt to obtain, — a fact due to the pressure of utility, while it indicates the growing demand of the times.

The action of governments is apt to be behind the demands of the more intelligent of the people ; but in the provision made by Congress, by liberal grants of land (act approved July 2d, 1862,) for the establishment of at least

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one national school of science in each State of the Union, Congress did nobly. In these schools (mis-named "Agricultural Colleges,") it is not intended to rule out the classics, but the immediate object proposed is the teaching of science in connection with agriculture and the arts; and if the schools should be carried out in the spirit of their projectors,—and some of them certainly will be—their influence for good will be immense. The deliverance of great schools from ecclesiastical control will itself be a great achievement. The young men educated here will not all return to the farms and workshops, but will enter the professions and become teachers, to diffuse still more widely the taste for scientific culture.

As these schools are beginning to go into operation, and as the interest in our normal schools was never greater, the appearance of such a book as the above is opportune, and Dr. Youmans deserves our thanks for its publication. It will assist the educational revolution which is already in progress. It is composed of a series of discourses and papers from some of the principal educators and scientific men of England, Germany, and this country, written from different points of view, and with faith in conflicting philosophies, but all agreeing in this: The need of teaching science in the schools, both for its utility in life and for its efficacy in mental discipline. As the way is now preparing to give to the sciences their proper share of attention in our courses of instruction, this is no inappropriate time to hear from those who are best qualified by study and experience to speak on the subject of scientific culture.

The first of the series is an eloquent lecture by Prof. Tyndall on the educational value of the physical sciences. The second, by Prof. Henfrey, is rather a solid production, showing the educational relation which Botany bears to the other sciences. The third is a racy lecture by Prof. Huxley on the educational value of zoölogy, and enforces the necessity of the direct study of nature. The fourth is on Physiology by Dr. Paget, and so far as its philosophy is concerned, it may be regarded as a theological fossil which might be laid away in the museum of the Paley and Bridgewater school, without serious damage to modern thought. Faraday's lecture on the education of the judgment is animated and suggestive, inculcating caution and deliberation. There is a fine point in Whewell's lecture on the educational history of science, being this, That the birth of every great scientific idea has inaugurated a new era in educational development. Dr. Hodgson's lecture on the study of economic science is suggestive. Dr. Barnard's lecture is on early mental training, and while he does not discard classical study, he recommends the acquisition of French and German, and makes a strong argument for scientific culture. Prof. Liebig's lecture on the development of scientific ideas is one of the most striking and suggestive of the entire series, and complimentary withal to the freedom and intellectual promise of our own country. The introduction on mental discipline in education, and the closing lecture on the scientific study of human nature are by the editor of the volume, Dr. Youmans, and they present in an eloquent and earnest manner an excellent digest of modern thought on these subjects.

The appendix contains papers from several thinkers and educators in this country and in England, not the least pointed and emphatic in favor of scientific culture is that from the late Prince Albert. The extract from Dr. Thomas Hill on the culture of the senses deserves mention. The work closes with extracts from the evidence given before the English Public Schools' Commission, by such witnesses as Dr. Carpenter, Sir Charles Lyell, Dr. Faraday, Prof. Owen, Dr. Hooker; and by no means the least interesting portion of the work is this; since therein is revealed the culpable neglect of scientific training in the British schools, and the marvellous ignorance of science betrayed by the governing legislature, and so-called higher classes; and not only so, but their actual incompetency to grasp scientific ideas.\*

Admitting the aptness of its title, Dr. Youmans' compilation, excellent and praiseworthy as it is, has, as we believe, one defect. The culture demanded by modern life, includes the subject of history; not history as it has generally been, but history as it is becoming,—history purified and reconstructed under the scientific method. The application of modern thought to history means, not only what is known as modern historical criticism; it means more. Not only destruction of error, it is originally construction of truth; and history is assuming new forms, and in some respects becoming a new creation, under the genetive and moulding power of positive ideas. Such history belongs to the "culture demanded by modern life," and a lecture or essay on this subject, in some future edition of Dr. Youmans' work, would, we believe, be a desirable addition.

J. STAHL PATTERSON.

**BUTLER'S SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL TRAINING.** The Lifting Cure: an Original, Scientific Application of the Laws of Motion or Mechanical Action to Physical Culture and the Cure of Disease. With a Discussion

\* Facts are not wanting to show a similar state of things in our own country. A western clergyman, educated at Oberlin, unexceptionably orthodox, and equal no doubt, to the average of his class, called upon a friend to be posted in science. He would read the Scientific American for himself (!), but he had not time. He wanted to obtain a knowledge of the existing status of science, and he evidently expected to learn it all in the course of two or three hours. His attention was called to the "conservation of force." He had never heard of it, and of course he got no adequate idea of it that day. When such a man preaches a sermon to prove the scientific consistency of the first chapter of Genesis, we are not surprised to hear him affirm that the flint implements found with the bones of extinct mammalia in the Post Pliocene, are not the works of man, but the accidents of nature,—just as in earlier times, and with a far better excuse, the opposers of the rational interpretation of nature refused to admit that fossils were the remains of what were once living animals. If our clerical friend had had a conception of science, at all equal to the magnitude of the thing, he would not have taken its acquirement to be a mere filling process to be completed in a few hours. The attainment of science is an affair of growth and discipline, which requires years for any considerable measure of accomplishment; and the mind thus disciplined will not deny facts as plain as the testimony of common sense, and the natural eyes can make them, even if their acceptance should under the difficulties of Moses be somewhat greater.

of True and False Methods of Physical Training. Boston: D. P. Butler. No. 19 Temple Place. 1868.

THIS system of physical training is comparatively new, so that its practical success cannot yet be attested by a large number of persons; but it is certainly here set forth in connection with a broad discussion of the subject of health and physical development, and is founded, in theory, on true fundamental principles.

Dr. Butler is a Radical—a thorough thinker—and a genial optimist. He ignores authorities, and relies on his own sense and experience. The curative power, he believes, is *inherent in the human organism*. The law of co-operation which the optimist affirms in nature, and which the Political Economist requires in a prosperous state, Dr. Butler finds working in the human body; and he emphasizes the importance of its recognition by the physician.

The Dr. does not, therefore, in his cure, treat the weak or affected parts alone, but aims to develop all the organs of the system, leaving the strong to aid the weak in their own way and time. He claims that there is a persistent tendency in the system to equalization of forces; and that he can correct by his lifting system not only functional, but organic derangements. The first increment of vitality corrects functional derangement; a continued increase ends in a critical and regenerative change.

Dr. Butler's System is free from the danger of over-exercise which exists in light gymnastics, because all movements are slow, and one is always prepared to restrain action short of rupture or strain. It is superior to other heavy gymnastics, because the position of the gymnast, and the method of lifting, necessitates equal strain on all the organs, and does not allow special development. A large development of muscle in particular localities the Dr. regards as injurious, as it draws vitality from other parts.

And herein lies the fundamental difference between this and other systems of gymnastics. The aim in this is to *increase the vitality* not to develop muscle. If muscle be developed, it is equally developed throughout the system. Equalization of Forces! Harmonious Development! are Dr. Butler's mottoes.

Pedestrian excursions and base ball are bad, because they exhaust. The lifting system is always used in the presence of a physician, and is never allowed to weary the patient. It has the advantage, also, that it requires but little time and preparation. A merchant by giving thirty minutes each day, can not only avoid the dull feeling that so often results from confinement to the counting-room, but he lays up a store of strength. Even in cases of extreme prostration and debility, so that the patient has had to be supported while lifting, rapid and permanent gain of strength has been secured.

The most satisfactory feature of this system is, that the gymnast's bad habits, if he has any, such as smoking, drinking, rapid eating, &c., gradually lose their hold of him. This is so comfortable. We shall not have, now, to wrestle with our devils, or grunt at our virtues, but to stick the lifting,

and when we can fetch up six or eight hundred, away the imps will fly and leave us in peace.

There are other excellent features to this new system. In giving up special training, Dr. Butler also opposes special dosing; in fact the Dr. bids entire farewell to drugs. And in an age when any man can make his fortune who concocts some mixture — no matter how vile it is — and advertises it extensively, this is a great step; and we cannot help thinking a good one.

We hope, and prophesy, that this new system of physical training and cure will prove practically successful, and will be introduced and adopted in every city and town in America.

Let Dr. Butler open a class for teachers, and send them out.

**HYMN AND TUNE BOOK, AND LITURGY**, for the Church and Home; and Services for Congregational Worship. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1868.

THE hope which officers of the American Unitarian Association have of late seemed to encourage, and which a few persons have persistently cherished — that the denomination would yet suffer itself to drift with the current of modern Free Thought into the open sea of Religious Freedom and Self-dependence — may now well be entirely abandoned. The actions of various Unitarian bodies, — ignoring the assurances of those who insist that Unitarianism is friendly to Liberty, — show clearly that they regard Orthodoxy as the most promising region for recruits to the Unitarian banner. Their smiles and their bounties are all extended in that direction. People have already begun to ask how it is that so many Conservatives and no Radicals appear upon the Boston Theatre platform; and they cannot help remarking that the fellowship of the Suffolk churches seems to be a one-sided development, and that side not towards anti-supernaturalism.

The appearance of this "Hymn and Tune Book, and Liturgy," just issued by the American Unitarian Association, is unmistakable proof of a disposition on the part of the Association to retreat to Ritualism, and the church traditions, instead of going forward to a worship spontaneous and simple and congruous to American character, and to convictions which are rational, or to honest transitional doubt.

Here we have the whole programme for church performances. Hunt up an Episcopal almanac and see when Whitsunday comes, then be ready with this book open at page 89, part second, and before you, with a great O to begin with, are words warranted to go straight to God's ear. Or if you wish to do the suitable thing on Easter Sunday, and to pay your respects to the God Christ whose ancestress was Eostre, you may find on the same page two proper little speeches of sounding rhetoric, *a la* Episcopalianism, with the two principal miracle-doctrines plumped squarely into the middle of each of them. Again when the tide of patriotic spirit rises in your breast, on page 88 are eight lines which only need to be repeated with elocutionary art to give your patriotism easy vent. If you desire to petition the Goddess Ceres for good crops in the Spring, or to display your gratitude for a fruit-

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ful season in the Autumn, go back one leaf, and you are in no danger of expressing yourself in bad grammar.

On page 81 the minister is informed that he *may* make a suitable address after reading the burial service. If the minister believes in this book, we think it is quite possible that he *may* make a very *unsuitable* address.

We should condemn this liturgy if it had been issued by an Episcopalian Association, because it is a mere travesty of a service that is really artistic and grand. But when we consider that this is put forth by the Association which claims to represent the Religion of America we add protest to condemnation. We could forgive the corruption of mediæval art if they had only given us some modern thought. But this, like every imitation, has lost the merit of the original, and has gained nothing new. No, when we wish to enjoy a Ritual and Liturgy, we shall go to a regular out and out cathedral, and not to the modern church of England with its magenta colored silks, or to any back-sliding Unitarian church with its mongrel service.

There is no use, Friends, you can't "control ideas," or "suppress the spirit of the age," by diluting old forms of worship. This can be accomplished only in working out better ideas, and by becoming the channel of a better spirit. And, to our mind, you will do this only when you have abandoned the attempt to construct forms for the Spirit. "The Congregation standing." "The congregation seated or kneeling." "These directions," says the preface, "are given to provide for *active* participation in the devotional services." This is a step in the right direction,—if we are to have churches,—for sermons are growing so weak, and people are becoming so habituated to sleepiness on Sundays, that *activity* should be cultivated to save the life of the organization. But why not turn your churches into gymnasiums altogether?

We will *now* pray. We will now *begin* to worship. Amen: we will now stop worshipping and go about our business. When we see our neighbors doing up their worship in this way on Sunday, we feel like saying as Charlotte Bronte said to Thackeray, when he sat bolting his dinner just opposite: "Oh, please don't!"

Let Liturgies and Rituals be done away with altogether! But the church will go when these go? Well; we thought some time since that the day of the usefulness of the church had gone by. It will cost some pangs to leave it behind, but who is so infidel as to doubt that, when it is gone, somewhat better will succeed it!

The Hymns of this book embody the same old doctrines: Salvation, Redemption, Atonement: and are full of the same old phrases; the only difference being, that while before the choir had the full effect of them, now the congregation are required to sing them. It is hoped, we suppose, that this will restore the waning faith of the people in these fables. Why not include those beautiful old Greek fables, also, in your endeavor?

J. B. M.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT: with an account of Salem Village, and a History of Opinions on Witchcraft and kindred subjects. By CHARLES W. UPHAM. Boston. Wiggin & Lunt. 1867. 2 volumes.

This book gives us an elaborate history of the witchcraft delusions which had their seat principally in Salem Village, near the town of Salem, but which extended also to that town, and to several other places, in the years 1691-2. The author, long a resident and a minister in Salem, seems to have made a diligent and conscientious study of the subject, and has brought out far more exact and full information in regard to it than the public previously had before them.

The first volume of this work is devoted entirely to an explanation of the locality in which this delusion began, and sketches of the characters and circumstances of the principal persons concerned in it, the accusers, the accused, the witnesses and the judges. The account of these matters throws very important light upon the transactions following, and is indeed indispensable to a full understanding of them; and the statements, both biographical and historical, are lucidly made, and full of interest and instruction.

The results of the witchcraft delusion were indeed frightful. Twenty persons were murdered by hanging, and one was pressed to death with heavy weights; and while this process was slowly killing him, it was directed that he should have "no sustenance, save only on the first day three morsels of the worst bread, and on the second day three draughts of standing water that should be nearest to the prison door," and these alternately his daily diet till he died, or till he pleaded to the false and abominable charges against him. How many days the process lasted in the case of Giles Corey is not known. Hundreds had been committed to jail, the health of many was utterly ruined by the hardships and privations suffered there, two certainly, and probably many others, had died in prison, and all, even those who were acquitted and admitted to be innocent, were obliged to pay all the charges of their commitment to prison and their maintenance there. Thus many families became utterly impoverished; and the amount of suffering in mind, body and estate, resulting from these scandalous charges, is not to be computed. When the whole proceeding was found to have been mischievous or malignant imposture, and all the prosecutions were stopped, one hundred and fifty were discharged who still remained in prison.

The first accusers in this terrible tragedy were certain mischievous children, nine, eleven, and twelve years of age, and several ignorant servant-girls of greater age. They had met for several months in the kitchen of Rev. Mr. Parris, practising palmistry, fortune-telling, and probably ventriloquism, and telling and hearing witch and ghost stories. They first attracted the attention of others by "strange actions, exclamations and contortions." After a while they pretended to be seized with spasms, and to suffer terrible tortures; and after having excited the astonishment and sympathy of those around by these manœuvres, they proceeded to use the influence thus

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obtained, by accusing those against whom they had some grudge, of being instruments and confederates of Satan to torment them.

Such charges, made by such persons, could have had little influence, if the persons most trusted for piety, wisdom and goodness in the community, had applied common sense to the decision of this matter. But, instead of this, certain ministers, Rev. Samuel Parris of Salem Village, Rev. Nicholas Noyes of Salem, and Rev. Cotton Mather of Boston, seemed to seize eagerly upon this opportunity to apply the old Hebrew laws against witchcraft, which their creed required them to believe divinely inspired. They therefore set themselves zealously to the encouragement of the accusers, received their charges with implicit confidence (even when afterwards they were directed against the purest and best men and women in the community,) made no attempt at cross-examination or comparison of the evidence of these mischievous children and servants, but brought all the terrors of authority in Church and State to bear upon all that were accused, persistently demanding a confession of their covenant with Satan, however excellent and unimpeachable their whole lives had been. Their persecution of the accused when confined in prison was so persistent and so terrible (especially that of Rev. Mr. Noyes, "whose peculiar function in these proceedings seems to have been to drive persons accused to make confession,") that many of them did confess having practised witchcraft, though every one afterwards retracted the confession, and it was finally apparent to all that all the charges had been false, and most of them malicious. Those who threw discredit upon the charge of witchcraft in general, or who impeached the character or testimony of any particular accuser, were sure to be themselves accused, and to be hunted down remorselessly by the Reverend patrons of the prosecution.

The magistrates, being of course church-members and fully under the influence of the clergy, followed their lead implicitly in all the proceedings. "They acted throughout in the character and spirit of prosecuting officers, put leading and ensnaring questions to the prisoners, adopted a brow-beating deportment towards them, and pursued them with undisguised hostility. They assumed their guilt from the first, and endeavored to force them to confess, treating them as obstinate culprits because they would not. Every kind of irregularity was permitted." — pp. 354, 5.

Of Rev. Cotton Mather Mr. Upham says — "He aspired to be considered the leading champion of the Church, and the most successful combatant against the Satanic powers. He seems to have longed for an opportunity to signalize himself in this particular kind of warfare; seized upon every occurrence that would admit of such a coloring as would represent it as the result of diabolical agency; circulated in his numerous publications as many tales of witchcraft as he could collect throughout New and Old England, and repeatedly endeavored to get up cases of the kind in Boston. There is some ground for suspicion that he was instrumental in originating the fanaticism in Salem; at any rate, he took a leading part in fomenting it. — p. 366.

Finding that the first accusations (made in a spirit of childish mischief, or from curiosity to see how far they would be believed,) took such hold upon the community, and drew such flattering attention to themselves, the accusers went further, and not only testified against people against whom they had a spite, as witches, but made themselves the mouthpiece of any one who had enmity against another. Thus people in Ipswich, in Andover, in Boston and other distant places began to be accused; and as soon as any one was charged with this awful crime of partnership with Satan, every one turned in horror from him or her; friendships, family bonds and church alliances were broken, and unspeakable doubt, fear, suspicion and misery were brought into hundreds of innocent and excellent families. The storm committed such extensive and fearful ravages, even a clergyman being one of those accused and hanged, that the clergy in considerable numbers *at last* set themselves against it, and then the thing came to an end, the magistrates refusing to receive new cases of precisely the same sort of testimony upon which they had so long been imprisoning and hanging. The ministers of the vicinity might have stopped the whole proceeding at the beginning or in any stage of it, if they had only chosen to combine for that purpose.

The clerical author of this book, while frankly admitting the enormous evils wrought by the superstition and bigotry of his clerical brethren in former times, gives, with amusing and amazing unconsciousness, his authentication to the very basis of these errors — the claim that the Bible is infallibly inspired of God. He is fluent about "revelation" — "the word of God" — "the teachings of the Divine word" — and the reality and permanent influence of "the miraculous," — he urges in excuse for the religious teachers who were ringleaders and active promoters of the witchcraft murders, that "the authority of Scripture *seemed* to require them to pursue the course they adopted" — and he talks about their ignorance of "those enlarged and just principles of interpretation which we are taught at the present day to apply to the Sacred Writings."

"It was gravely argued, for instance, [he says] that there was nothing improbable in the idea that witches had the power, in virtue of their compact with the Devil, of riding aloft through the air, because it is recorded, in the history of our Lord's temptation, that Satan transported him in a similar manner to the pinnacle of the temple, and to the summit of an exceedingly high mountain. And Cotton Mather declares that, to his apprehension, the disclosures of the wonderful operations of the Devil, upon and through his subject, that were made in the course of the witchcraft prosecutions, had shed a marvellous light upon the Scriptures."

Mr. Upham considers this last named view of Scripture, and these inferences from it, "a perversion of the Sacred Writings." But these inferences, and the line of conduct in question, are the direct and legitimate effect of teaching that every portion of the Bible is infallible truth, the inspiration of God. The Old Testament *does* assume the reality of witchcraft; it does declare to the priest and the ruler, "Thou shalt not suffer a

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witch to live." The New Testament *does* represent that Satan transported the body of Jesus through the air to distant places, and that he was in the habit of grievously tormenting the bodies of living men and women. And if Cotton Mather and his brethren had not all along been teaching that these statements were literal truth, and *inspired* truth, there would have been no foundation of credit for the tales of silly children and ignorant servant-girls against the best men and women in the community. These tales, wild and absurd as any lunacy, would at once have been ascribed to lunacy or to malicious mischief, had not the general teachings of the pulpit produced a belief in witchcraft as possible and real, and had not the clergy of the region made special efforts to confirm the belief in its reality.

C. K. W.

**WOMAN'S WRONGS: A Counter Irritant.** By GAIL HAMITON. Ticknor & Fields.

This book is designed as a "counter irritant" to one recently published by Rev. John Todd, in which he condescends to give the weaker sex some admonition and advice, occasionally bestowing a pat and a sugar-plum to make the dear ones feel that he means their good. The Rev. Dr. Pecksniff is treated as he deserves. Let Gail Hamilton alone for such work.

Our Author has the rare merit of seeing both sides of a question, and having maintained most valiantly the right of woman to Suffrage, she has the good sense to see and the fairness to allow, that the possession of the Ballot will avail but little for the purposes which it is expected will be accomplished by it. For the admission of woman to the polls will not change the character, but only the volume of the vote upon any given question. Patrick may bring Biddy his wife to counter-balance Mrs. Percy Howard, and if there is any advantage, it will be on the side of Patrick, as the Biddies will be more easily led en masse than the more cultivated Mrs. Howards.

Nor will female suffrage affect the question of female labor. For the prices of labor must follow the laws of trade, and with these voting has nothing to do. But could legislation regulate the wages of labor, is there any reason to suppose, our author inquires, that woman would be more disposed than men to pay higher wages to women! Every one who has traded much with women will join in her "I fear not."

Nor will the right to suffrage raise woman in the social scale. The intelligent, cultivated woman, stands no lower in her own eyes or in the eyes of men, because of her political disability. The frivolous and vain would not be elevated were the disability removed. The first does not need the ballot as an incentive to exertion and self-culture, and if the exciting questions of the times fail to arouse the apathy of the latter, it is to be feared that going to the polls would prove insufficient. "Mobs and rowdies have always voted, and are mobs and rowdies still." The suggestion of the fat offices which the possession of the ballot would open to women, Gail repels with an indignant "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Our author has too much good sense to join in the hue and cry for Universal Suffrage. "I would have the ballot made a noble and desirable possession, a sign of sagacity, of ability, of work, something to be striven for, a guerdon, as well as a power." She proposes two tests for its restriction — the ability to read and write, and the possession of some, not much, property. We fear that these restrictions will hardly meet the necessities of the case. Our Puritan Fathers made church membership a requirement for admission to the polls, but alas, that seive proved too coarse to keep out all the chaff of humanity. But there is a certain moral earnestness, which in those days was thought to pertain to church membership, the possession of which in man or woman, black or white, old or young, can alone qualify them for the high and sacred functions of government.

The book before us has many wise and witty sayings upon matters pertaining to the woman question, which men and women will do well to read. We would especially commend it to the attention of those females, who, finding themselves in a tight place, are looking to the possession of the ballot as a means of their enlargement, in the meanwhile neglecting to make the efforts necessary thereto.

The women who aspire to stand in the places now filled by men, must be willing to pay the prices they pay, in hard, diligent, patient efforts. To them, as to men, the old law is still in force, "In the sweat of thy brow, thou shalt eat thy bread," and Providence will no more wink at the shirking of this law in the one sex, than in the other.

It is true that women have been restricted in the choice of employments, but the restrictions have been conventional, not legal. Customs have now changed, and the doors of many offices are thrown wide open to such women as have the ability, and will use the diligence necessary to fill them. In the various pursuits of business, literature, science and the arts, woman is at liberty to do just what she *can* do, and no hindrance from without will thwart the prosecution of the steady purpose.

We do not think that our female lecturers, novelists, and others, who have ventured out of the ruts of domestic life, have any reason to complain of their reception by the public. Anna Dickinson can draw a larger audience to her harangues upon the platform, than can Mr. Emerson to his rich and thoughtful discourse, and for them she demands and receives twice the pay.

Uncle Tom's Cabin had probably twenty readers, where the White Slave had one.

Let women then think less of their rights and wrongs, and more of their duties. It was necessary, perhaps, to call attention to these wrongs; but that has been done, and men seem disposed to do them justice. Let woman now be just to herself, and whether she throw the ballot or no, she will become a power in society and in the state.

A. S. W.